

John Bunyan Calling

A comely sight indeed
it is to see
A world of blossoms on
an apple tree

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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NEVER HAS THIS HAPPENED BEFORE

The King of Canada Steps Into His Dominion

THE FRIEND WHO COMES IN THE GREAT WHITE SHIP

For the first time in history the King of Canada has this week set foot in his Dominion.

It is a Dominion of which any king would be proud, for it is bigger than the whole of the United States in territory, and has a future before it no less dazzling than the destiny at which the United States has arrived.

Never before has Canada greeted its own king, yet he comes to them as a friend, a familiar friend, sovereign of all the English-speaking peoples of the British Commonwealth, and especially King of Canada.

Statute of Westminster

By the Statute of Westminster our Dominions became sisters equal to the Motherland. The Cabinet in Great Britain can no longer advise the King on their affairs, but he alone is their king, and so King of Canada.

Canada, as proud of its loyalty as of its constitutional rights, will have had this thought in mind every hour while the Empress of Australia was bringing their King George and his Queen Elizabeth nearer to their shores. It was a friend who was coming in the great white ship, coming from an English home to find a second home in Canada's broad lands. The thought heightened the eagerness with which the people watched the white ship cleaving the waters of the St Lawrence, and made more clamorous the welcome, as, "carrying Caesar and his fortunes," it came to the historic heights of Quebec.

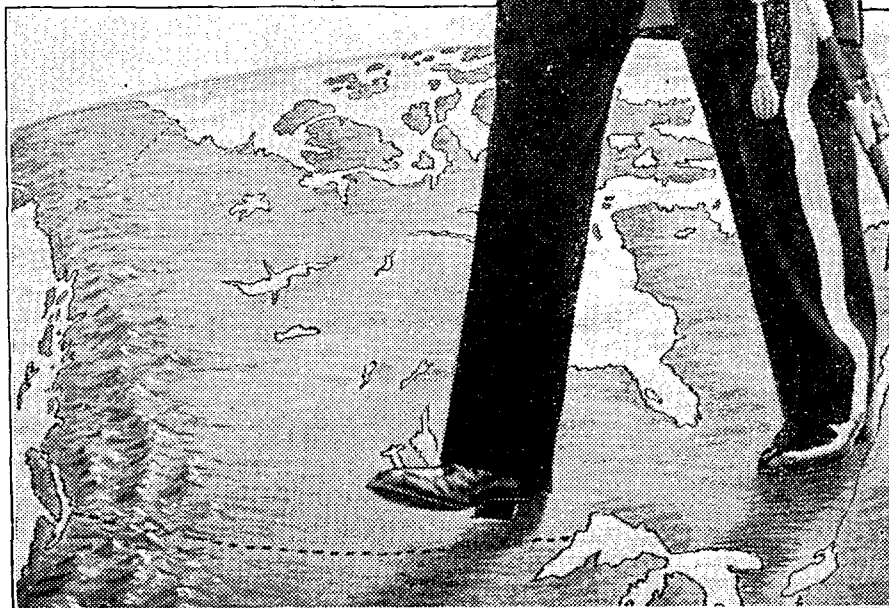
A Magnificent Inheritance

Not in all the royal progress through the Dominion will the welcome or the loyalty fail. It is a journey like the royal progresses of English sovereigns of long ago. They went in state through the length and breadth of England, gathering to themselves the obeisance of their subjects great and small, noble and lowly, as they went; making pauses here and there at stately strongholds, where every resource of hospitality and every degree of pageantry was spread before them.

In Canada there will be no lack of generous and solicitous hospitality, nothing wanting in the splendour of the greeting the Dominion waits in readiness to give to its sovereign. King and Queen are welcomed there as one of themselves, but first and foremost Canada will seek to show them what a magnificent inheritance across the Atlantic is theirs.

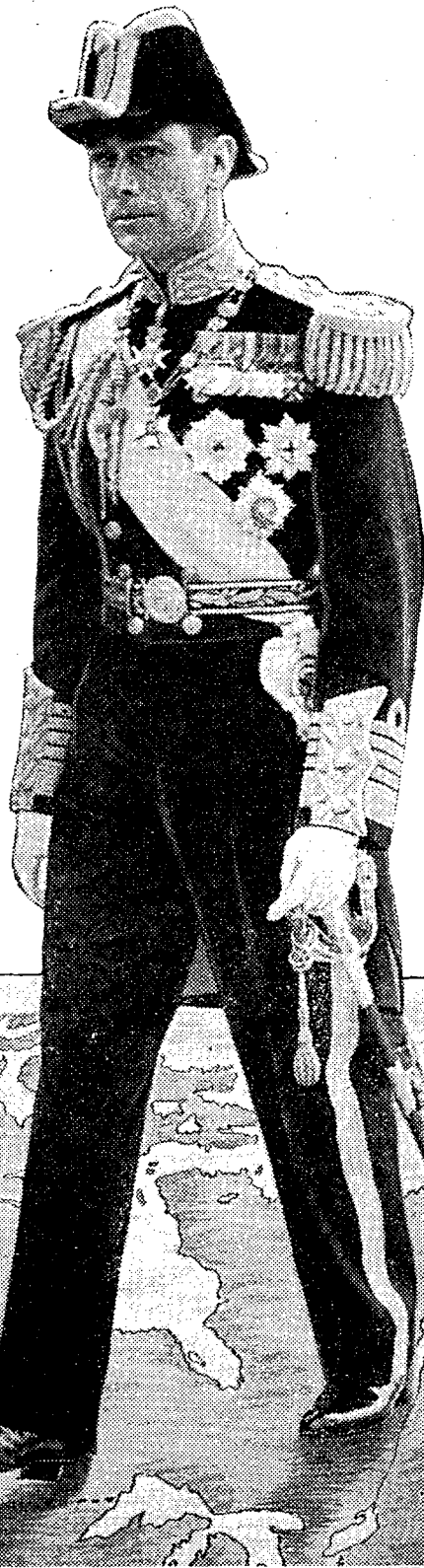
They will see all that is grandest and all that is homeliest in this old Dominion which is yet so young. They will stand in the Parliament House at Ottawa, which is also the King's Parliament House; they will be honorary members of the Universities of Toronto and Montreal; they will be freemen of the cities of the east and the west. Winnipeg, capital of the cornfields, will display its wealth of the staff of life before them. Vancouver will signal to them where their journey ends at the Pacific, and Nova Scotia will deck itself with blossom to leave them with the loveliest of memories when they turn again home.

Three Rivers, where Canada gathers together its timber, the Great Lakes where the white power of water is assembled, the dark forests, the rolling prairies will fleet past the royal train, which will stop for King and Queen



to see their people and be seen by them, at Calgary and Banff and Saskatoon; Moose Jaw, Jasper, and Sioux Lookout; and many another place marking stages in Canada's history. There will be many another place, too (not always on the map), where men and women and children who have only heard of their King and Queen from afar will see them face to face as the train slows down.

That is how we like to think of Canada, opening its heart to welcome those who have gone so far to make Canada one with its royal house. But we may spare a thought too for



King George and Queen Elizabeth who have made the journey, leaving, as Kipling said, "a lot of little things behind them." Princess Elizabeth and Margaret Rose are not the only things they left behind. There was the warm affection of Mother England, sure and certain and abiding, and growing more assured every day. Beyond a peradventure millions of kindly thoughts and hopes are springing up in England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, like the spring flowers, about the absentees while they are away. In their case truly absence makes the heart grow fonder.

The Troublers of the World

FROM day to day the war between the nations goes on, the war without the killing.

From day to day the forces of War and Peace add to their strength, and only those who know how difficult a world it is have patience enough to endure. Yet we may go on hoping, for the door is not yet closed, and the end is sure.

Who are these men who thus inflame the millions, turning the ploughman from his plough, the workman from his bench, the clerk from his desk, every man from his task—to fight?

The Tin Trumpeters

We know the tin trumpeters too well, for we cannot pick up a newspaper any day without seeing it in the headlines. Here they are, shouting defiance or threats, trumpeting their greatness. Or they are joining in conferences the object of which is to raise new alarms among their neighbours, especially among the small nations they seek to terrify to submission.

Here one day is a count nobody heard of before he married into a Dictator's family conferring with a man who was a wine merchant before he became the servant of another Dictator. As the result of their meeting another bomb is pushed into the world's letter-box, and the two conspirators rub their hands and take a step up the ladder of the disturbers of the peace. They are only the second-rate bomb throwers, not so high up the ladder as their masters.

The higher-up men are so elevated as to make it seem barely possible that they are human. Their nations tremble before them. We can scarcely escape night or day from their image, blinding our eyes like the glare of the sun. Yet they are from the ranks of ordinary men, men who sprang from the dust and to the dust will go. How in the scales of Justice will they then be weighed? Who are they that they should trouble all mankind?

Only a Mirage

They are the upstarts of the world, the servants who have become masters in a troubled time. They look to no distant horizons of a peaceful world, but fix their eyes on a speedy greatness, where they will stand bestriding suppliant nations, dumb with adoration of their new masters. It may be that the wronged will murmur, but will pitch their complaints in a low key lest worse should befall them.

That is the picture the upstarts see spread like a panorama before them.

Continued on page 2

POOR NEWFOUNDLAND

The Hard Lot of Our Oldest Colony

Although Newfoundland is the oldest British colony, having been discovered by John Cabot as long ago as 1497, she has made slow progress in the intervening 442 years.

Yet she did fine service to the Mother Country in the Great War, furnishing no fewer than 11,922 fighting men, apart from the 3000 who joined the Canadian forces. The population is about 290,000.

The island has many resources in fisheries, mineral deposits, and timber, yet in recent years Newfoundland has fallen on disaster, and it became necessary to suspend her constitution as a self-governing Dominion and substitute Government by Commission.

Newfoundland has an area of nearly 43,000 square miles, so that it is actually three-fourths the size of England and Wales. In this great area there is a vast store of mineral wealth, including copper, silver, gold, nickel, iron, and asbestos. The iron beds are said to hold 5000 million tons of ore. There is also good coal.

An Improvement Last Year

The Government has just issued its annual report, and some improvement on 1937 is recorded, but the conditions are still deplorable. Much must still be done, it says, to secure and maintain a proper standard of life.

The island is very largely dependent, as things are, on overseas trade, and it is therefore subject to many economic visitations. The bad trade in America last year hit the timber and pulp industries. Bad trade also decreased the metal exports. The fisheries employed more men than in 1937, but the island still suffers from the loss of the salt codfish markets in Spain and Brazil.

As much as £229,000 was spent in doles to the unemployed; it is stated that one in four of the population exists on relief money, which perhaps is not very surprising when we reflect on the vast relief payment to the distressed in the United States.

The poverty prevailing encourages tuberculosis, and many new beds in sanatoria have been provided. The Commission governing Newfoundland now expects there will be a deficit in the Treasury of nearly £800,000 this year.

The Commission is doing much to organise economic and social life, but on its own showing much remains to be done. Last year, we are told, 1135 acres of land were cleared. How little that seems! There is only one doctor to every 4000 people, and long stretches of coast never see a doctor all the year round.

Rare Egg at a Zoo

An unusual thing has happened at Chester Zoo, where a pair of griffon vultures have hatched an egg. Only once before have they succeeded in doing this, and then they promptly devoured the chick. This time they are taking great care of their little one, and we are hoping they will be successful in the rearing.

Griffon vultures often lay eggs in captivity, but it is a rare event for them to hatch; we have no record of a chick ever having been reared in this country.

Frost and Fruit

We are again threatened with a scarce crop of strawberries. The long series of late frosts has badly affected the plants and some growers report a loss of ten per cent. A shortage of 200,000 baskets is anticipated.

The Hawker and the Baby

We hear of a fruit hawker at Hull who, seeing a baby in danger from a horse and cart, threw himself on the top of the baby so that the cart passed over his body and left the baby unhurt.

The Hidden Rivers of the Great Plain

FLYING EXPLORERS OF AUSTRALIA

AUSTRALIAN airmen have been exploring the vast spaces of the Nullarbor Plain which runs inland from the Great Bight to the Great Western Plateau.

They are in search of the numerous caves and blowholes in the limestone, and hope to find the sunken rivers that flow to the east and west of the vast area. Nullarbor is Latin for No Tree, and the whole of this 400-by-200 miles region is without trees or grass, the only vegetation being what is called saltbush.

Lower than the plateau, the Nullarbor Plain is the roof of an immense honeycomb of caves and underground passages similar in character to the crystalline limestone caves in this country and America. The Nullarbor ends as inland cliffs and natural gorges in the 30-mile strip along the Bight. Across it east and west, like an arrow, runs the continental train bearing practically the only life to be found there, for no rabbit or kangaroo is to be found in the saltbush.

Our good friend Daisy Bates knows the Nullarbor well, for its eastern end is at Ooldea, where she devoted so many years to the aborigines. The natives congregated at Ooldea Water, as it was called, because they could find unlimited water supplies practically all the year round, while the railway used thousands of gallons from that region for many years. Unfortunately, owing to some interference

with the hidden bed of the water, the supply was diverted into a lower level and lost to human use.

In a letter not long ago Mrs Bates tells us how she has seen the sea in the Bight discoloured for miles by the floodwaters of the underground stream which has come from the vast Nullarbor honeycomb, and how thrilled she is with the adventures of the airmen.

The best way of finding the caves, she writes, is to approach from the sea, the airman rising up and down as he searches the face of the cliffs. When found, a landing is made on the level above and the explorer lowered by rope to the entrance of the caves. To reach a river by way of the caves would be an adventure indeed.

It is difficult to imagine how even the location of the underground rivers of the Nullarbor can help. What little rainfall occurs here immediately soaks through the limestone, which disintegrates under the climate. For thousands of years, in fact, the wind has been blowing the sand on this stretch of limestone to form the desert sands which extend for hundreds of miles north of the continental railway, and are still moving on.

The Nullarbor, for all its wonderful caves and their interest, is an evil in itself and an evil neighbour. It is a good thing, at any rate, that steps have been taken to investigate it, for such a foe must be known thoroughly before it can be tackled.

Speed the Plough & Abolish the Waste

PLOUGH up the waste acres, says our new Minister of Agriculture, Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith.

An enormous amount of British land is given up to weedy pastures, and the Minister asks that 250,000 acres at least should be promptly turned into arable. (The good word arable comes from the Latin arabilis, given to the plough.)

The figure 250,000 is named for a beginning, but there are fully a million acres of land asking for the beneficent plough.

To assist our farmers to improve the productivity of poor grassland the Government will ask Parliament to authorise the payment of £2 an acre for permanent grass ploughed up before September 30 next and brought into a state of cleanliness and fertility.

More tractors will be required, and the Government is to make a reserve of instruments kept under official control.

The Minister's plan is more than a war effort. From every point of view it is a good investment. It is not meant to be a gift to the farmers; it is really asking them to take on a liability and is an indication of what they could do in time of war. It is not, of course, expected that £2 an acre will cover the whole cost.

We have always held that if the Government wants bigger crops it should determine that they should be grown, just as it decides how many warships we should possess. The Board of Agriculture is proceeding by the method of bonus, and we hope it will achieve its great public purpose.

THE TYRANTS AND THEIR VICTIMS

Continued from page 1

It is an illusion, a mirage. The wrongs are never forgotten; the injured (though for a time pushed aside) will rise up in judgment. So it always has been; so will it be.

The day will come when the victims of the tyrants, the kings robbed of their kingdoms, the counsellors of injured peoples treated like criminals, will be more accounted than those who oppressed them.

The list of their victims is already a long one. Haile Selassie robbed of Abyssinia, King Zog thrust out of Albania, Herr Schuschnigg who strove to save Austria's independence, President Benes forced out of Czechoslovakia, Pastor Niemöller, whose only fault was to proclaim the sovereignty

of his heavenly Master—these are some of the victims. Behind them are thousands more, refugee Jews, refugee Czechs and Slovaks, thrown out of their homes, robbed, plundered, insulted, so that the upstarts should rise the higher in their own esteem.

These are the acts of those who should be the servants of their peoples, but who in their clutch at mastery are prepared to plunge civilisation into ruin, and then to lay the blame on the nations who ask only for peace.

We may be sure that the day will come. The forces of Peace are slow, but they build exceeding well, and the day will be when they will be impregnable, driving the Upstarts back and giving a new lease of happiness and reason and tranquillity to mankind.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

Breaking all records for the South of England, the new Kenton Library in Middlesex has 10,000 members taking out 2000 books a day.

Leeds market gardeners have sent three hundredweights of rhubarb to the House of Commons, where it will be cooked in 50 ways.

A typewriter has 2000 parts, and its making requires 100,000 operations.

Turkey more than doubled its number of wireless listeners last year, from 22,000 to 46,244. The next biggest increase among the European countries was by Bulgaria with 37 per cent.

The deaths in France last year were 34,741 more than the births, an excess which is three times more than in 1937.

A new rust-resisting wheat produced in Canada has been named Regent in honour of the royal visit.

Flower-beds in some of the Leicester parks are to be planted with highly-scented flowers for the benefit of the blind.

After being trapped for four days in a chimney at Eastleigh a racing pigeon flew away apparently none the worse for its experience.

Pollution of a Lake

The mining company, the sediment from whose lead mines has been polluting Ullswater, as described on page 10, are taking steps to excavate a settling tank big enough to check the nuisance. We are glad to add that they have for some time been using special materials to coagulate the sediment of which 90 per cent is thus prevented from reaching the lake.

THINGS SEEN

A bonfire on Rodborough Common made of rubbish collected from the common by Girl Guides.

A gate in Folkestone made from horse-shoes.

A hawthorn tree in New South Wales bearing spring blossoms on one side and autumn berries on the other.

THINGS SAID

There are no terrors so great as those from ignorance. Dr F. A. Freeth

It suffers by brevity, but that is better than death by prolixity.

Note accompanying an article sent to the Editor

Anyone can lose three pounds in a week on a healthy diet of fruit and vegetables. An American writer

Democracy has to be saved every 20 years, but Fascism has to be saved every time it wants somebody's property. Buffalo News

Nations must have a sense of humour if civilisation is to be saved.

M. André Maurois

Germany can break the Peace Circle by joining it. Sir Norman Angell

Dear Teacher, Please do you mind if David does not go to the baths until he can swim? Letter to a Lancashire school

I have never known a dull day in my life. Councillor Salt of Wormsley

THE BROADCASTER

NEARLY 1000 refugees are learning English in Richborough Camp.

SCOUTS of Canada and U.S.A. are planting trees on the border in memory of the King's visit.

THERE were no road accidents in the Scilly Isles last year.

AN unknown friend has given £1200 for Guildford's new cathedral.

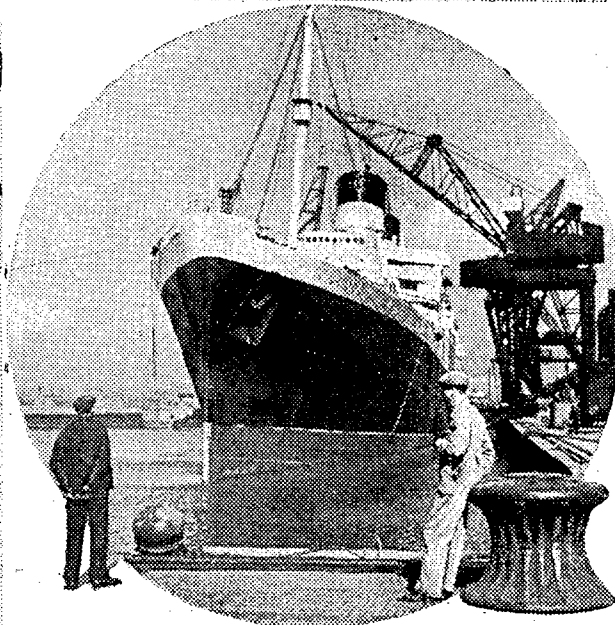
Severn Putchers • The New Mauretania • Cricketers All



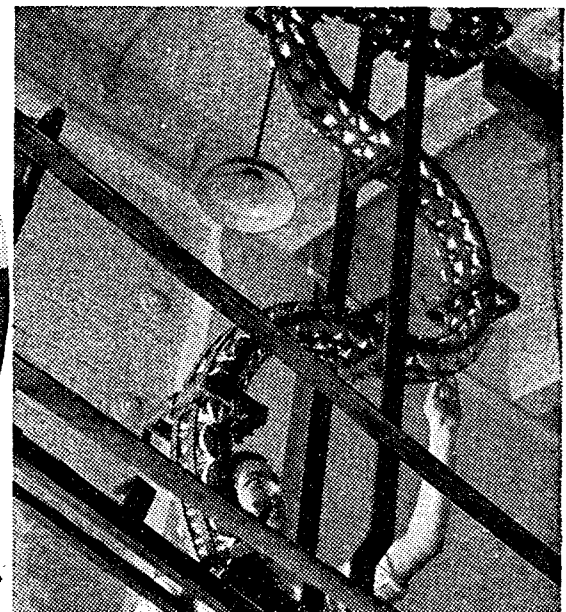
Salmon Traps—These curious baskets are being taken to the Severn estuary near Newport, where they are used as salmon traps. They are known locally as putchers



Sub-Stratosphere Flyer—A pilot of the RAF Meteorological Flight setting out for the daily climb to 25,000 feet in search of weather information



New Mauretania—This new ship with a famous name is now being fitted out at Birkenhead for her maiden voyage in June



What is This?—Looking like a switchback, this curious contrivance at Bournville conveys cocoa tins to a machine below which covers them with labels



Cricket Critics—Although their cricketing days are over, the game still has a great fascination for these spectators of a match at Stevenage in Hertfordshire

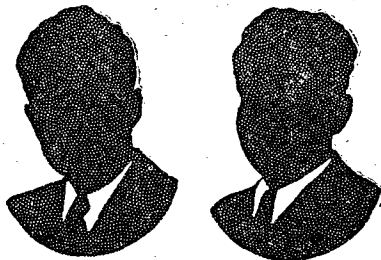
The Jackdaws and the Chimneys

Each spring for many years a house in Scotland has been visited by jackdaws, who take possession of one of the chimneys.

This year, however, the owner of the house decided that he had put up with the invasion long enough and that he would wire up all the chimneys and so prevent them from being choked up with nests.

When the jackdaws arrived they were angry at finding what had happened; they took it as an insult and set to work to pull off the wire. They summoned help from all their friends, and soon the roof was the scene of great activity. As the birds tugged at the wires their cries could be heard all over the neighbourhood, and it was not long before they had cleared the chimneys. There was one slight casualty. One of the jackdaws became so entangled with wires that he could not move. He was not abandoned, but everyone joined in helping to extricate him, and very soon he was free and helping to build the nest!

The Tale of Two Boys



In place of these silhouettes should be the faces of two Vienna boys whose portraits we dare not publish. See page 6

Grand Old Lady of the Air

After having been in continuous service on the London-Paris airway since September 1931 the great airliner Heracles is being withdrawn.

Since that first journey eight years ago Heracles has covered more than a million and a quarter miles, and has carried more than 100,000 passengers without a single injury to either passenger or crew. During 1935 there were only four days when Heracles did not leave the ground.

Even after such a long and useful life Heracles, affectionately known as the Grand Old Lady of the Air, is not to be scrapped. More modern airliners have displaced her on the London-Paris route, but she will be carrying passengers between London and Le Touquet during the summer.

A Volume Packed With Knowledge

How often in conversation we hear a speaker say that he thinks this or that but is not quite sure of the facts.

"When in doubt find out" is a good motto, and it is an excellent thing to have a reliable encyclopedia at hand.

On page 15 are particulars of a handy encyclopedia with more than 200,000 facts arranged so that they can be easily found. This vast store of knowledge is all in one volume and is offered to C.N. readers on special terms. Be sure to obtain your copy of the Modern Encyclopedia and World Atlas.

Tony's Cap

Tony Willis looked over Southend pier in consternation. The wind had blown his school cap into the sea, and the tide carried it away. The next day Tony met his friend Bill Brazier, who was in the same Scout troop. "Here's your cap!" said Bill.

He had found it washed up on the beach at Westcliff-on-Sea.

JUST 500 YEARS AGO He Stood For England When Joan Burned

It is just 500 years since Richard Beauchamp passed away. We read of him in Arthur Mee's Warwickshire, where his last resting-place is described for us. Coming to the lovely old town of Warwick, we look in the church and find the Beauchamp Chapel, a noble example of the finest 15th century craftsmanship. Arthur Mee describes it in these words:

It is one of England's most famous places. In this small house, crammed with glory from floor to roof, lies Richard Beauchamp, the man who stood for England at the burning of Joan of Arc. He left a fortune for it equalling £40,000 today, and the builders and craftsmen were at work for 20 years on this wonder in bronze and iron and wood and stone and glass.

He lies amid all this loveliness with 14 kinsmen and 18 angels round his tomb—and yet we wonder if he does lie here? For there is a story which some believe and some do not. He died in Rouen as Joan did; but her ashes are blown about the fields of France and her tomb is in the hearts of men. He has this splendid tomb, they say, and here it is true he slept about 200 years; but it is recorded that the floor of the chapel then fell in and Richard Beauchamp was seen again, fresh and perfect for a moment as in sleep, and then a heap of dust. It is said that the ladies of Warwick made rings with the locks of his hair.

Saints and Angels

We shall not know, perhaps, whether his dust was scattered by the wind like the dust of Joan, but here at least he lies magnificent in bronze, one of the most perfect figures fashioned in an age when craftsmen were artists indeed. He is armoured and wearing a garter, his head resting on his helmet and his feet against a griffin and a bear. In 32 canopied niches stand the Beauchamps, all with their coats-of-arms, with angels between them, an impressive gallery of golden figures.

This rich tomb was made in London by a Dutch goldsmith, with the help of a barber surgeon who is supposed to have made it correct to the smallest detail of anatomy. Seen and unseen, all its parts are finely done, every buckle, strap, and hinge perfect. Richard Beauchamp is looking up at the Madonna enthroned in the roof in red and gold as Queen of Heaven. Behind her, the keystone of this roof, is the symbol of the Almighty surrounded with the hierarchy of Heaven, Paul's thrones, dominations, principalities, and powers. The impressive scheme runs down the mullions of the east window, which are hollowed out, painted red and blue, and filled with 30 figures of saints and angels. Some of the colour is as vivid as when put on 450 years ago.

Children's Paradise

Visitors to Zurich for the Swiss National Exposition need not wonder what to do with their children, for they can leave them at the Children's Paradise.

All they have to do is to go to the Reception House and check their children as if they were pieces of luggage! A paper apron with a name on it is tied on each boy, or girl, and the mother is given a receipt, which she presents when she calls for her offspring.

There is no end to the delights of the Children's Paradise—there is a Punch and Judy Show, a Witch's House, and an Enchanted Café where refreshments appear as if by magic. Boys will have to be torn away from the car repair show where they are allowed to assemble the cars themselves, while little girls will be certain to fall in love with the marvellous doll's house.

It is of the man for whom all this magnificence was made that we think today. Warwickshire may treasure his dust, England honours his name. Tracing his lineage back to the mythical Guy of Warwick whose crude image in stone we may see at Guy's Cliff, Richard Beauchamp was born in 1382. He succeeded his father as Earl of Warwick in 1401. Even before he was of age he was noted for his courage, grace, and gallantry, and his love of manly sports. He jousting at the coronation of Henry the Fourth's queen, Joan of Navarre, and while still little more than a boy he had command of a company of loyal Warwickshire men, putting to flight the rebel Owen Glendower and showing the world that he had a genius for brilliant military exploits.

Guardian of a King

His life was full of activity. He lived every hour as if it were his last. One day he would be at Court, the next day fighting the Percys at Shrewsbury. Made a Knight of the Garter, he obtained the king's permission to visit the Holy Land, and with all the enthusiasm of youth, all the wealth he had inherited, all the natural inquisitiveness of a young and finely trained mind, he set out to see the world. He was at the siege of Harfleur, but he missed the glorious moment of Agincourt because he was urgently needed at home. Henry the Fifth entrusted him with hard tasks in France, but Richard discharged them all with honour, and was instrumental in arranging many complicated negotiations with the French. It was he who planned the marriage of Henry the Fifth and Katherine after Agincourt; and when Henry died he left his son, the little Henry the Sixth, in the care of Richard Beauchamp, believing that there was no man in England he could better trust. It was Richard Beauchamp who had charge of the education of the boy king, and it was he who took him to Westminster to be crowned.

He governed at home. He fought in France. He had the task of guarding English interests abroad at a time when our dominance of France was weakening, and it was no doubt the weight of his responsibilities there which hurried him to his end. He died in Rouen just 500 years ago.

Ten Women and a Rug

One of the most interesting exhibits in the Canadian Pavilion at New York World's Fair is a hooked wool rug made by ten women in a little Cape Breton Island community.

The workers, all members of the Canadian Handicrafts Guild, made the rug from wool from their own sheep, dyeing and preparing the wool themselves.

Normally this rug, which is 21 feet by 10, would have taken one worker a year to make, but it took these patient workers every hour of daylight for only a month. It has a border of henna shading down to beige and back again, and in the middle of this beautiful colour scheme is a maple-leaf design touched with chartreuse.

The women of Nova Scotia have made rugs for generations, claimed to be the best rugs in Canada.

Looking After the Next Generation

Laws to protect children rapidly increase throughout the world.

The League of Nations Child Welfare Centre reports that 19 countries legislated on behalf of their child populations in 1937. Children's courts increase, with the happiest results. The application of the birch and other forms of whipping disappear throughout the world.

Family allowances are of special importance to children. Belgium has organised family allowances, and in Japan a law has been passed giving assistance to needy mothers with young children. Sweden has instituted a special system of State pensions for the care of children who cannot be maintained by the persons who would normally be responsible for them.

In the efforts to encourage larger families in Italy a decree makes provision for loans for the founding of families, the administration of this service being entrusted to the National Social Welfare Institute.

The Egg from St Paul's to the Zoo

We all like pigeons, but so great has become the number that live free as sturdy beggars about our London buildings that they are a public nuisance, and the authorities have to employ men from time to time to catch a proportion of the birds.

But now the Zoo and their friends at St Paul's Cathedral have entered into a little conspiracy to introduce a serpent into the pigeons' Eden. The Zoo has a number of extraordinary snakes that live entirely on eggs, and food must be found for them.

The snake does not crack the shell with its teeth; bones of the spine project through the internal skin and, as the egg is swallowed, pierce the shell and permit the contents of the egg to pass down the reptile's gullet.

Pigeons lay two eggs for each sitting, and rear four or five pairs of youngsters yearly. So those at St Paul's are to pay for their board and lodging. Each nest will be made to give up one egg for the Zoo snakes; so the reptiles will be fed, the rising generation of pigeons reduced by half, and the balance adjusted to the satisfaction of all concerned.

Lifeboats for the Sandbanks

A new kind of lifeboat has been designed for use on the east coast where sandbanks abound.

Known as the Gorleston type, the first boat to be completed is now at its station, Great Yarmouth and Gorleston. It is a cabin boat for 95 people and is of specially shallow draft to suit east coast conditions. Driven by two 40 h-p Diesel engines, the boat is 46 feet long and 12½ feet wide, while 142 air cases help to make it unsinkable. It has a range of 200 miles at eight knots. This boat, which has cost £9,000, was built out of a legacy from a Surrey lady.

Lift Up Thine Eyes to the Hills

Dr Daniel Douglass, of Manchester University, has lately been giving some good advice to Manchester folk that will be equally useful to inhabitants of other big cities and crowded towns.

"People in big cities (he says) become physically and mentally shortsighted because rarely can they see beyond the end of the street. The remedy is to go out into the country and look across the valley to the hills beyond. Faced with a mountain a man begins to lose his conceit. He is able to see himself and his little troubles in proper perspective."

UNEXPECTED FORTUNE

Nearly half a century ago a little boy helped to dig up a lawn, and as a reward was given two minted five-cent American stamps to add to his collection.

The other day Mr W. E. Harriott, of Big Springs, Texas, the little boy of long ago, sold the two stamps for £800, for it happened that they were among the few known specimens of an 1882 issue which have on them a picture of James A. Garfield, one-time President of the United States!

THE COLOUR TRAIN

A huge yellow caterpillar is one of the sights of Los Angeles. It is the new Diesel-electric streamlined train called City of Los Angeles. Painted a brilliant yellow outside, the interior is charmingly decorated in pastel shades of pink, blue, and yellow.



Leslie West, aged 14, Drum Major of the pipe band of Queen Victoria School at Dunblane in Scotland

THE LIONS AND THE BELL

There has passed on at Guisborough in Yorkshire Sir Alfred Pease, a man of much learning and a great lover of adventure. He was in Africa in 1903 when he succeeded to the baronetcy, and he loved to tell how he rode here and there on his bicycle, although the district was infested with lions. When someone asked if he were not afraid of the lions, he replied that there was no need to be. "They always went off," he said, "when I rang my bell."

A SEAGULL'S ADVENTURES

A seagull in the flocks of thousands of seabirds that frequent the great seaport city of Auckland, New Zealand, has had an adventurous week.

It began one day on a wharf in the city. A boy, who now knows better than to do it again, thought he would capture a seagull. He trapped the bird by setting a noose in a long length of string and jerking the loop tight as the bird stepped in the trap. He failed to keep hold of the string, and the startled bird flew away with the long string trailing. The poor gull's discomfort was evident from its lop-sided flight.

Somebody told the newspapers about this. A few days later there was a happier item of news to report. The caretaker of a suburban park where the seagulls often congregate noticed a bird trailing a long piece of string. He captured it, untied the string, and set the bird free again.

THE MAP IN THE FLOOR

Everyone who goes into the United States Post Office Department in Washington keeps their eyes on the floor, for it is made of coloured stone in the shape of a huge map of the world, and cost £4000. But Italy and Germany have changed things so often lately that officials are wondering if it is worth while making alterations, because another country might disappear before the cement is dry!

The Bicycle's 100 Years

THE other weekend a party representing the cycle manufacturers of Britain took a tour to celebrate the invention of the bicycle.

It is a century ago since Kirkpatrick Macmillan, a young and athletic blacksmith of Courthill in Dumfriesshire, saw a heavy old hobbyhorse belonging to a woodworker in a neighbouring town. He made another like it, but soon got tired of propelling the machine by pushing the ground with his feet. It was then that he evolved a pair of pedals to work the wheel at the rear, and the bicycle was born.

On an improved machine with a higher gear he rode to Glasgow and back, attracting crowds to see the sight. This improved model was first marketed

by a Kilmarnock wheelwright at £7 apiece. Later an English firm turned out the machines in larger quantities until they were superseded by the front-driven "bone-shakers" about 1870. These in turn gave place to the all-metal "penny-farthings," which were followed by the safety bicycle we know today.

Unfortunately the famous machine which Macmillan rode to Glasgow was broken up by his nephew, but an accurate copy of it is in Dumfries Museum, and a stone let into the wall of the smithy records Macmillan's contribution to science at this spot, while a tombstone in the burial ground above the River Scar ends by telling us that he died in "1878, aged 65, inventor of the bicycle."

THE HOY BUS

The Island of Hoy has seen a new sight. Not long ago nearly everyone in Longhope Harbour turned out of doors to look at something most of them had never before set eyes on, a bus with seating accommodation for 18 passengers. Till the bus arrived the folk of this little bit of Britain in the Orkney Islands had only two ways of travelling, either on their feet or by pony.

BLUE-TIT AND THE LADY

Biscuits, crumbs, nuts, these and other dainties are often set before the blue-tits, but it seems that they love nothing better than salted almonds.

The other day a woman surprised folk in Kew Gardens by the way in which she made a blue-tit follow her. People were sure that she had some power over birds and that she knew a secret way of taming them. When she moved from one seat to another a blue-tit followed her, and though he was tempted with offers of biscuits and shelled monkey-nuts he turned away in disdain.

The secret of the lady's power, it seems, was a bag of salted almonds. The blue-tit loved them, and so anxious was he for more that she left all she had in the gardens so that he should not follow her into the street.

GEORGE STEPHENSON'S PIT

Pendleton Pit, Lancashire's most historic colliery, has closed down. It is at Salford, and its 400 men will go to work at other mines in the neighbourhood of Manchester. The closing of the mine is of special interest because the mine is linked with George Stephenson. Opened in 1832, its first engineer was the man who built the Rocket and gave England and the world its vast network of railways.

THE ALL-WELDED SHIP

A most interesting development in shipbuilding is the all-welded hull. The time-honoured process, of course, is riveting, but welding is gaining ground rapidly. It has succeeded with small vessels, and there seems no reason why it should not be applied to bigger craft. Welding produces a seamless shell, for which many advantages are claimed.

THE HONOLULU ORCHID

We hear that women drivers in Honolulu have turned over a new leaf, one and all having become the most careful drivers in the world.

It has all come about because the Chief of Police started a new safety campaign which by its very name made women drivers prick up their ears, for he called his campaign, Orchids for the Careful Campaign. Two policemen are delegated to patrol the streets and keep an eye open for any women drivers who are particularly careful, and as soon as one of the officers sees such a driver he asks her to stop her car. Then, instead of pulling the dreaded little notebook out of his pocket, the officer produces a beautiful orchid and presents it to the delighted driver with the compliments of the Chief of Police!

AN ADVENTURE WITH A RAM

A CN reader in Scotland will not forget an experience he had not long ago.

He happened to be walking across a field to get some milk from a farm when he noticed he was not alone. An enormous ram was taking a great interest in him, and the terrifying creature began to come nearer. The man quickened his step and the ram quickened its step too, the hundred yards to the nearest fence being made in record time by both of them. Happily the man arrived there first, to the accompaniment of peals of laughter from a group of milkmaids. When he asked them what amused them, they told him that the fearsome-looking ram had been a pet lamb, and had never lost interest in the sight of the milk pail!

TELEGRAPHING FROM CALL BOXES

America has established a system of telegraphing from call boxes, available to the public, as we use telephone kiosks.

By pushing a button and placing a telegraph form in a slot a telegram can be sent to any part of the world.

The form placed in the machine wraps itself round a cylinder, which revolves before a photo cell. The message is flashed to the nearest main telegraph office.

An illuminated panel tells the sender what to pay and to "deposit message."

It sounds a little complicated, but use no doubt makes it simple enough.

THE MINER MODELLER

We hear of a miner of St Helens who is an artist in clay.

On his way home from the pit he picks up pieces of clay, which he rapidly fashions into portraits of well-known people—Mr Pickwick, Mr Chamberlain with his famous umbrella, Earl Baldwin with his famous pipe. He has had no training, but his work is so good that a local pottery has offered to keep him provided with china clay and to bake the finished products in their kilns.

FOUR MILLION NEW HOUSES

The Ministry of Health is justly proud of having fostered the building of 4,000,000 new houses in England and Wales since 1918, especially as there were no more than 8,000,000 houses in the land in that year. As we write the fifth million has been begun.

Nearly a third of the four million new houses have been built with the aid of Government subsidies. The present rate of building is nearly a thousand new houses a day.

So the slums disappear and new life comes to the industrial towns.

A LIFE SAVED BY WINGS

An African near Bulawayo was saved from drowning the other day in an unexpected way.

He was acting as one of the bearers for a party of Europeans who had been out duck-shooting, and he carried 17 ducks, which were part of the bag. Instead of crossing the Khami River with the others by the suspension bridge, he decided to wade across, but the water had risen and he was carried away by the current.

From the bridge the other men saw the African being swept downstream. He disappeared, and it seemed certain that he had been drowned.

Then a surprising thing happened. The rushing water opened the wings of the ducks, the man came again to the surface, and the onlookers saw that he was being kept afloat by the mass of outspread wings. A Mr Beadle swam to midstream, and after a hard struggle brought the African safely to the bank.

FROZEN IN THE TROPICS

To be nearly frozen to death in a tropical country was the strange experience of two men at Calabar, Nigeria, who were accidentally shut up in a cold storage chamber.

Mr E. Pratt, chief engineer of the Nigeria Cold Storage Company, and Mr Akpan, a clerk, had been inspecting the chamber. At first their absence was not noticed, and they remained for an hour and a half in the polar temperature before they were rescued. Although they became almost unconscious, both recovered.

Cold storage has come as a boon and a blessing to Europeans in hot countries. Trains with freezing rooms now regularly distribute all kinds of delicacies at up-country centres in Nigeria and the Gold Coast.

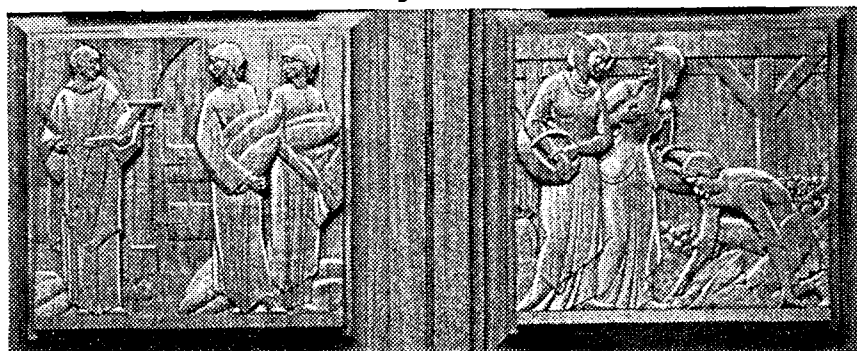
UNDER THE BONNET

A seven-foot snake in Matesvlei, South Africa, chose a very unsafe place for a nap the other day. It wrapped itself round the engine of a car, and there the motorist found it after having driven several miles with his strange passenger. The heat of the engine had, of course, been too much for the snake, and the engine was covered with poison where the reptile had tried frantically to bite it before being overcome by heat.

THE SCOOTING POLICEMAN

Small boys are not the only people who have scooters at Inglewood in California. The policeman's life is a happy one in this town, for no longer need they walk on their long and weary beats. They have been given a fleet of motor scooters, on which they can travel thirty miles an hour, so that they can be on the spot quickly should they receive an emergency call.

London History Carved in Wood



Two panels by Mr Walter Gilbert on the new entrance doors of an office in Cornhill. There are eight panels in all, carved in teak, illustrating events in the long history of this famous city street

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MAY 20

1939



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



I Want £100

WHEN the children of Vienna were starving at the end of the war 300 words in this column brought for them £6000.

The C N has received another appeal from Vienna. It is from two boys, 15 and 16. They are Jews born in Germany, sons of two respectable tradesmen, and they read the C N. They have sent their portraits to the Editor with a pathetic appeal that he will save them from their desperate plight.

Because they are of the race of Our Lord they have been cut off from all hope in their own land. They are educated and speak English.

We are two schoolfellows and subscribers of the C N (they write). We are forced to emigrate, and for months have been announced for a transport to England, but only such children are able to go who have guarantors there. Having no relatives in England we take the liberty to request you to help us by procuring a guarantee for us.

Kindly do not put away our request. Have pity on us and help us to get out from our desperate situation. You may be sure your help will be for good boys, who will be grateful all their lives. For Heaven's sake help us, and enable us to become decent and useful.

These boys are in the grip of the Nazi Terror. The country they were born in has stopped the breath of life for them. It has educated them and left them at the edge of a precipice.

They are C N boys, and the C N can save them. With £100 it can secure a guarantee which will bring them to England and freedom, house them and train them, and give them a great opportunity in the world.

They are desperate in a pitiless land, with no sun shining for them, no hope unless we send it to them.

One hundred pounds—it is so little for so great a thing. Will you not give it in thankfulness for our English freedom?

It is Youth Week, a lovely week for saving two youths from the Nazi grip. Arthur Mee

Tin-Opener Gospel

AT a recent conference in London on nutrition a lady is reported to have said:

Give the housewife a tin-opener, and let there be a fried-fish shop round the corner, and her life will blossom like the rose. While the scientist is showing the importance of cookery, the kitchen is shrinking into a mere cupboard with a sink.

We can only hope the lady is misreported, for the woman who feeds her family on tinned food and fried fish is not entitled to be called a housewife. Tinned food is easy and fried fish every day hardly suggests the perfume of the rose. With a modern gas or electric cooker any housewife worth the name finds cooking a pleasure, and fresh food is above all a necessity of healthy life.

The Book For Lunatics

IT is no news that the world is mad; but the changing forms of its madness are unbelievable.

A serious publishing firm in London has printed and published a book with page after page like this:

Hark!
Tolv two elf kater ten (it can't be) sax.
Hork!
Pedwar pemp foify tray (it must be) twelve.

And low stole o'er the stillness the heartbeats of sleep.

White fogbow spans. The arch embattled. Mark as capsules. The nose of the man who was nought like the nasoos. It is self-tinted, wrinkling, ruddled. His kep is a gorsecone. He am Gascon Titubante of Tegmine-sub-Fagi.

Those who would like more may have 600 pages for 25 shillings.

The Stars

A CORRESPONDENT reminds us of one of the most beautiful epitaphs we know. It is that of a great American astronomer who lived with the stars all his life. When he died his wife had the following lines inscribed on his tombstone:

We have loved the stars too fondly
To be fearful of the night.

Four Points By Toc H

These are the four great objects of that worldwide organisation known to us all as Toc H.

1. To preserve among men and to transmit to future generations the traditions of fellowship and service manifested by all ranks during the Great War, thereby encouraging its members, through the common Christian life of the family, to seek God, and helping them to find His Will and to do it.

2. To encourage the desire to perform, and to facilitate the performance of all kinds of social service as between and for the benefit of all ranks of society.

3. To promote among all people a wide human interest in the lives and needs of their fellows and to foster in every man a sense of responsibility for the well-being of his fellow man.

4. To mitigate by habit of mind and word and deed the evils of class consciousness, and to endeavour to create a body of public opinion free of all social antagonisms.

Peter Puck Believes

THAT the right angle from which to approach any difficulty is the Try angle.

It Had Been a Blessed Thing, Signor Mussolini

I DO highly magnify that saying of Hannibal to Scipio:

It had been a blessed thing for you and us if God had given that mind to our predecessors, that you had been content with Italy; we with Africa; for neither Sicily nor Sardinia are worth such cost and pains, so many fleets and armies, or the lives of so many famous captains. Democritus

JUST AN IDEA

Would it not be a good idea to compel everyone to spend one day a year visiting a big hospital? Might we not then be more thankful for our health, using it to nobler purpose?

Starry Nights

WHILE England is still waiting for its first planetarium we may, if we choose, watch the stars in their courses. Now is the time to go to bed late for once in a while, staying up till the lights of the town are out and the darkness of these spring nights cover the earth. Then, if we are so minded, we may go out of doors and watch the majestic panorama of the stars—a thrilling adventure if only we have patience.

Thomas Hardy knew how thrilling it could be, and in his novel *Far From the Madding Crowd* he has given us a wonderful description of what it feels like to stand alone under the night sky.

To persons standing alone on a hill during a clear midnight such as this the roll of the world eastward is almost a palpable movement. The sensation may be caused by the panoramic glide of the stars past earthly objects, which is perceptible in a few minutes of stillness, or by the better outlook upon space that a hill affords, or by the wind, or by the solitude; but whatever be its origin, the impression of riding along is vivid and abiding. The poetry of motion is a phrase much in use, and to enjoy the epic form of that gratification it is necessary to stand on a hill at a small hour of the night, and, having first expanded with a sense of difference from the mass of civilised mankind, who are dream-wrapt and disregarding of all such proceedings at this time, long and quietly watch your stately progress through the stars. After such a nocturnal reconnoitre it is hard to get back to earth, and to believe that the consciousness of such majestic speeding is derived from a tiny human frame.

If All the World a Garden Were

If all God's world a garden were,
If women were but flowers;
If men were bees that busied there
Through all the summer hours,
Oh, I would hum God's garden through
For honey, till I came to you.

Then I should hive within your hair,
Its sun and gold together;
And I should hide in glory there,
Through all the changeable weather.
Oh! I should sip but one, this one,
The sweetest flower beneath the sun.

Oh, I would be a king, and coin
Your golden hair in money;
And I would only have to seek
Your lips for hoards of honey.
Oh! I would be the richest king
That ever wore a signet-ring.

Joaquin Miller

O Thou Who Hast Led Men So Far

O Thou Who hast led men through the dim ages of the past towards the glowing light of Thy presence, Who dost guide us onward in our search for Thee, show us the way to go, we pray Thee, that we may not wander far from the path that leads to Thee, our goal.

Though our way be stormy and countless obstacles block our feet, give us the will and the strength to push ever forward until we come within reach of Thine outstretched arms.

No matter how severe the struggle may be, we would go forward, answering Thy call which we have heard, and learning by our endeavours to give ourselves wholeheartedly to Thee. Amen

Under the Editor's Table

A CONJURER declares that he can turn a handkerchief into a lemon. We know a motorist who can turn a car into a side street.

A SINGER complains that they won't make a gramophone record of his latest song. Too bad.

You see many birds on a common. Not all common birds.

PART of London is always awake. Does any of it drop off?

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If a plane tree can be handsome

THE girl who has been appointed Streatham's town crier will no doubt be a howling success.

THE newest shoes are lined with elastic. Wearers can walk many miles at a stretch.

A MAN says his hobby is collecting jokes. He knows how to take one.

WORKERS in a sweet factory have formed a trade union. They will all stick together.

A CAT, A DOG, AND A MAN

England's First Air Travellers

Perhaps we may hardly raise our heads today when a plane flies over us; but we have been looking up the story of a Hertfordshire village in which a lady raised her head with unbelievable wonder when a man came down from the clouds.

It is a queer story of the first successful air traveller in England.

Never again will people look at a flying man with such amazement as came to them one autumn day in 1784, when there arrived at Standon the first human traveller from the skies. A stone has been set up at Standon Green End, and on it we read of an event recorded as a "wondrous enterprise successfully achieved by the powers of chemistry and the fortitude of man."

It must have seemed a fearful thing to these villagers who were looking up that September afternoon at a great spherical object floating through the sky, slowly descending until it touched the ground in a field near by, and a voice cried out calling on the people to secure the monster. Out of it, from the car suspended beneath the great silk ball stepped a man and a dog!

The man was Vincenzo Lunardi, a young Italian who had made a balloon fitted with racket-shaped wings and oars which he declared would help to control it. He had started at Moorfields, 30 miles away, on the grounds of the Honourable Artillery Company, and had been just over two hours in the air.

Three living creatures had entered the car at Moorfields, Lunardi, his dog, and a cat, but, falling very low as he came to North Mimms, Lunardi had astonished a country woman walking there, and had handed her his cat for safe keeping before he rose again and came on to Standon, so completing the first successful balloon flight in England.

The Parks are Better and Better

People who are visiting the London parks this year will notice a pleasant change here and there. Within the past twelve months the LCC has disposed of many stretches of iron railing, grubbed up innumerable clumps of gloomy flowerless shrubs and privet, and introduced in their place some 3000 new flowering trees, 27,000 decorative shrubs, and 2500 rose trees or bushes.

During the last two years the Council has removed nearly ten miles of iron railings from the borders and flower-beds of the parks, so that whosoever will may approach and see beauty and botanical culture at close range.

The one thing the public must not do in these great parks with their flower-beds is to let dogs loose to scamper over them. Dog-owners regard this as a grievance, but any park gardener will tell you that a dog will destroy in the course of a few minutes the labour of weeks and the growth of months.

The Ride Through the Flood

Rowena Pratt will never forget a swim she had the other day.

Her home is near Wallacetown in New South Wales, where such terrific rain fell not long ago that the whole district was flooded.

When her mother was suddenly taken seriously ill while her father was away, 18-year-old Rowena saddled her horse and galloped for help. She tried to cross a bridge, but it was impossible as the creek was flooded, so the plucky girl plunged into the raging torrent and swam across, a distance of 25 yards. She found her father, and both raced back to the sick mother, reaching the house just as the water was creeping into it.

£100,000 ADVENTURE

The Six Boys in a Basement and What They Have Done

SEVENTEEN years ago six boys were enjoying themselves at a club in a Camberwell basement; this week-end Queen Mary crowns the completion of 17 years of building-up what has grown out of it.

Clubland has completed its last building, has spent the last of its £100,000, and is looking ahead bravely to a better world.

Queen Mary's great interest in Clubland, the Temple of Youth in Camberwell Road, is the crowning of 17 years of effort to make available for the boys and girls of a crowded and sordid part of London a beautiful home for their leisured life.

Clubland has cost £100,000 in money, besides immeasurable sums in terms of vision and devotion on the part of the Head, who first dreamed the dream, and a vast army of kindhearted people all over the world who have helped to make this dream come true.

At the ceremony marking its completion Queen Mary dedicated the last of the foundation-stones which have been laid in the name of her sons, and this final mark of royal sympathy is a witness to the universal interest which has been taken in this Home of Youth.

The Unity of Youth

Because Clubland stands for Fitness, for Art, Literature, Drama, and Music, there are stones dedicated to these interests by such people as "Bunny" Austin, John Nash, J. B. Priestley, Dame Sybil Thorndike, and Sir Henry Wood; because Clubland stands for universal friendliness, there are stones dedicated to the youth of Canada, France, Belgium, Norway, Switzerland, Japan, China, India, and America; because Clubland stands for religious and racial tolerance, there are stones to honour American churches and Jewish clubs.

Finally, because Clubland stands for the essential unity of youth, irrespective of class distinctions, the goodwill of many public schools is built into its foundations, among them Westminster, Culford, Leys, Kingsford, Queensford, and Hunmanby Hall, each of which has given £100 to the building fund.

Among the many contributors, Clublanders themselves deserve special mention for their persistent efforts to raise £100 for the stone they dedicated to their friend and benefactor Mr Butterworth, the Head.

The Clubland Prayer

The games rooms, the church, the theatre, the gymnasium, the canteen, and the workshops of Clubland are all spacious, simple, well-lighted, uncluttered, but they are designed for the use of some 600 boys and girls. The new building which now completes the whole occupies the fourth side of the quadrangle, and contains a theatre, a gymnasium, an art studio, a music-room, and a common room. The roof is a garden and playground.

The thing that must strike visitors to Clubland most after the simplicity and beauty of the buildings and the frank friendliness of the members

is the absence of rules and regulations. What we do see in nearly every room is the Clubland Prayer:

Divine Friend and Master, help us to make Clubland a true home of friendship where the lamps of good fellowship are always burning, where trust is never betrayed, and the spirit of understanding comradeship never fails.

Though there are not printed rules, Clublanders feel that as loyal members there are three things they must do—take part in service in their own church on Sunday evening, attend the Club Parliament on Tuesdays, and pay their dues. Dues range from 1d to 6d a week, according to age and type of membership, but anyone wishing to pay the full cost of his share of the club's amenities would have to pay 2s a week.

Opportunities for All

Clublanders work and play in three main groups—Juniors from 10 to 14; Seniors from 14 to 18; and the Service Group, those over 18 who wish to stay on and help.

Clubland came into being to meet a need for positive civilising influences in a dreary neighbourhood. Mr Butterworth believes that "none of the under-privileged deliberately set out to make a mess of life; all have energy, originality, vague longings, and creative instincts." Clubland exists to provide constructive outlets for their energy, and scope for the development of their originality. With opportunity, Mr Butterworth has found, the under-privileged can rise to tremendous heights. He wants Clubland to spell for working boys and girls the same type of opportunity that the university offers to those more privileged.

The Spirit of Comradeship

All this wonderful work has grown from an adventure in friendship with six boys in the basement of a gloomy old derelict church on this site 17 years ago. When the group of six had grown to 100 they met in an old warehouse. "Very different conditions from those of Clubland today!" one says off-hand, thinking of the clean, airy rooms, the central heating, the hot and cold shower-baths, the individual lockers, the fine reproductions of the world's greatest paintings on the walls. But is it so different after all? It is the same spirit of comradeship, the same belief that *Christianity is love in action*, that united those early groups as it unites the groups of today.

"Club is not a building; it is a spirit," says the Head, and CN readers who see Clubland will agree with him that he is making it so. Anyone is welcomed at Clubland Church any Sunday evening at seven. They will find it distinctly a boy and girl church, dignified and beautiful but not dim-religious, glowing with friendliness, but at the other end of the pole from the usual mission hall. Clublanders will show you to your seats, Clublanders will take the collection, Clublanders will read the lessons and lead the prayers. It is all simple and sincere and beautiful.

ULLSWATER MYSTERY

The Ten-Year Fish

If the pollution of Ullswater (which is described on page 10) should go on the lake may lose all its fishes in due course, and we may be thankful therefore that the lake, not to be beaten by Loch Ness and the shadowy Monster, has brought this year to the surface its mysterious ten-year schelly.

The Loch Ness Monster has yet to be caught (and, we believe, has yet to be seen), but a schelly can be seen, by permission, in the Natural History Museum, where it has been preserved in oil since it was caught in Ullswater in 1929. The mystery with which anglers have surrounded it is that it is only captured once every ten years in that lake; and it seems undeniable that no angler has caught one there between 1929 and 1939. But four have just been taken in one afternoon, so that if the ten-year legend may be taken for granted Ullswater schellys are making up for lost time.

The Natural History Museum, while preserving the 1929 specimen, is more than doubtful about admitting the mystery. Its schelly is a goodsized, handsome fish rather like a big trout, and of the same family. There is nothing of the monster about it except its scientific name, *Coregonis clupeoides stigmaticus*.

The mystery about it is why it should be so seldom found in Ullswater, or should appear at regular intervals. It is frequent enough in Hawes Water to be netted, and is found in the Red Tarn on the side of Helvellyn. All three of these waters are part of the system of the River Eden. But why does the schelly behave in such an odd fashion in Ullswater? No man knows.

Great-Great-Grandpapa and His Big Umbrella

DEAR EDITOR,

As you are interested at present in old umbrellas, I thought you might like to hear of an old carriage umbrella which once belonged to Great-great-grandfather.

It is so big that six or seven people could shelter under it; its frame is of solid brass and whalebone, its cover (very much mended) is of green silk. It is, of course, extremely heavy, and Great-great-grandpapa's arm must have ached after a shower! Actually I suppose open carriages would be fitted with a socket for holding an umbrella, although umbrellas would be a luxury enjoyed by the few in the days of George the Third.

Young John Spry must have felt very proud of his new possession, for on the elaborately engraved handle you can still read his name and the date it was bought, 1801.

With the passing of the horse carriage the umbrella retired to the attic, where it stayed until a member of our family recently presented it to the Western Park Museum in Sheffield.

It might also interest you to know that we still possess one of the old percussion cap pistols, without which, it is said, Great-great-grandfather seldom rode abroad. Yours faithfully,

FRIEDA S. BENNETT

The Two Bears

Not many polar bears have had such adventurous lives as have young Soc and Congy, the latest arrivals at New York's Zoo.

It is just over a year since an airman flying near Point Barrow in Alaska spied two miserable little bear cubs huddled on an iceberg, and rescued them. He kept them as pets, but now they have grown so big that they have had to be taken to their new home.

WHO ARE THE GREAT IMMORTALS (

How will the men who fill the papers loom in history? If we look back through history we find that Dictators count little, and thinkers, explorers, scientists, poets count a great deal. Let us forget Dictators for a while and think of six more of the greatest men who ever lived, following on the six we looked at some time ago—Shakespeare, Cromwell, Leonardo da Vinci, Lincoln, Faraday, and Pasteur.

Columbus

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS is one of the men who can never be forgotten, alike on account of the great feat he performed and the intelligence and pertinacity with which he overcame the opposition of powerful obstructions. In what he



planned and what he did he was a giant among smaller men. He made the world known to Europe in his day half as big again as it had been thought to be.

This stupendous achievement was his own in a far greater degree than any other early discovery belonged to any one voyager. Columbus matured his own idea, forced it on the world against enormous odds, and reached success by enthusiasm and strength of character.

Columbus was finely equipped for his great task except in one respect, and that drawback makes his success only the greater in the eyes of posterity. He was handicapped from first to last by being a foreigner commanding men of the proudest race in Europe, and surrounded on every hand by fierce jealousy and envy.

For twelve weary years he hawked his plans round every Court in Europe which aspired to seafaring. Genoa did not feel herself strong enough to carry through a scheme of discovery. Portugal stole the plan and sent out a secret expedition which failed. Spain was at war with the Moors and put off all peaceful projects. England and France were tried in vain. The advisers of kings advised against the scheme, though here and there men of influence were convinced by the arguments and the confidence of Columbus. At last Columbus convinced Queen Isabella of Spain, though even then an agreement for cooperation was not signed until Queen Isabella had sold her jewels to raise funds, and Columbus had left Granada in disgust and was fetched back to be pacified. The Spanish Court at last yielded to his terms, and Columbus sailed on August 3, 1492, and discovered the New World on October 12.

The story of that voyage is one of personal conquest by Columbus over doubting and mutinous crews; it is the story of his dealings with dense and scornful courtiers over again. Happy would he have been if it could have ended with his crews weeping at his feet and begging for pardon, as they did when they landed in the lands they had not believed in. His was a tragic success. Disappointment dogged his steps time and again.

Leaving a little settlement on an American island, Columbus returned to Spain, to be rapturously welcomed.

Then he went back with 1500 adventurers hoping for fortunes. The settlements failed; strife began with the Red Indians; sickness followed, and Columbus himself nearly died. He suppressed all native opposition sternly, and sent off cargoes of slaves to Spain. On a third visit for further exploration dissension arose among the Spaniards, and Columbus was sent back to Spain in chains, though on the ship the captain released him, and Queen Isabella wept when she heard of his treatment. Columbus followed the Court pitifully from place to place, and felt Spain's ingratitude bitterly to the day of his death.

His discovery of America was purely a personal triumph; his government in America was a failure; his treatment of the people he found there showed that he had no broad grasp of statesmanship, though he was a great seafaring pioneer. He opened the way to a new world; but at the same time he condemned that world to a slavery that lasted nearly four centuries.

Raleigh

SIR WALTER RALEIGH comes into our list as the dreamer of the British Empire. To anyone who regards the influence of the British League of Nations as, next to Christianity, the greatest blessing that has ever come to mankind, the founding of British influence beyond the seas is a turning-point in history; and Raleigh, the dreamer of dreams, marks that turning-point.



He belongs to a band of Devonshire gentlemen, slender in estate but abounding in the spirit of adventure. A handsome and accomplished man, a poet and wit, he was for a considerable time a favourite of Elizabeth; she showered privileges upon him. But what Raleigh freely received he freely spent. He poured out his own money in exploring enterprises. He sent his half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, on the voyage which ended in the occupation of Newfoundland. If men call him a pirate it is only what they must call all the great seamen of those days; but it was these men who laid the foundations of the power which swept the pirates off the sea. If Raleigh sought wealth in his adventures he sought it for the power that wealth could give him to make his dreams come true at last.

It was the founding of Virginia that was the first great dream of Raleigh's life. His charter from Elizabeth was unlike any other charter given before, for it contemplated what no other charter had ever provided for—the permanent occupation and

settlement of a new country, and the guarantee to all settlers of the privileges and rights of citizens at home. The story of Virginia, of the little colony Raleigh's expedition established there, is pathetic beyond words, and we think again and again of the phrase that was ever on Raleigh's lips as he thought of it: "I yet shall see her an English nation."

The building up of our sea-power was another dream of Raleigh's life. He loathed the tyranny of Spain, which Philip vaunted abroad in the world "as if the kings of Castile were the natural heirs of all the earth." It is incredible to think of now, but it is true, that the cowardly James the First, to please the ambassador of Spain, cut off the head of this man whose shoes he was not worthy to unloose; after keeping him years in the Tower he took the founder of the British Empire and beheaded him at Westminster.

Poet, dreamer, writer, explorer, benefactor, Sir Walter Raleigh stands as one of the supreme and most pathetic figures of our race.

Newton

SIR ISAAC NEWTON is an example of the men whose mental activity may in the end be more widespread and lasting than the work of men of action, as it may affect for ever the thought of mankind.



The world has no account of any mind more powerful than his. It was just a contemplative mind of amazing insight and intensity, able to grapple comprehensively with questions which the ordinary man cannot visualise even as problems, but which are of tremendous and transcendent importance.

He was born in Lincolnshire at Colsterworth on the Great North Road, near Grantham, on Christmas Day 1642, son of a small farmer, and was expected to go on with the farming after education at Grantham Grammar School; but, his father being dead, his mother's brother, a clergyman who had been at Cambridge, recognised that the boy was a prodigy, and must also go to Cambridge. Nor had he been there long before he was described as an unparalleled genius.

It seemed as if he could instinctively understand and solve the most abstruse and profound mathematical problems with as much ease as the ordinary person counts up to half a dozen. For pleasure he carried mathematical methods far beyond existing knowledge, noted down results and said no more about it, and it was only quite casually when he was asked to give help that he revealed whole tracts of knowledge that he had explored and mastered.

He was only 24 when the fall of an apple in his mother's garden led him to pursue the thoughts it suggested and trace in the power of gravity the

force which keeps the moon circling round the earth. His calculations did not produce the results he anticipated, owing to an error in the figures the astronomers had given him, so he put the question aside for seven years, and then, with new figures, worked out his sublime scheme of the movement of all the planets. He put this aside for another ten years before Halley induced him to publish it, and it was this work which placed him at the head of the natural philosophers of all time.

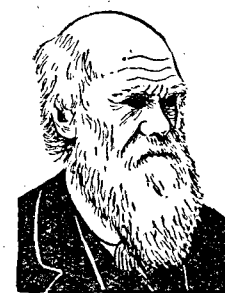
Another of his discoveries was the breaking up of light into its different rays, which, further developed since his day, has enabled men of science to tell the gaseous composition of the stars. He also invented the reflecting telescope. For 25 years Newton was President of the Royal Society, after being at one time too poor to attend its meetings. When his fame made him too conspicuous for politicians to overlook him any longer he became Master of the Mint with a handsome salary.

Utterly unworldly, and profoundly modest, Newton was a man of simplest piety, impressed to the very centre of his being with the consciousness of how little he knew, though more than all men who had gone before he had widened the scope of human knowledge.

Darwin

CHARLES DARWIN, the man who, through a lifetime of patient study, collected the facts which proved the truth of the evolutionary process of Creation, was one of the most charming, modest, and gentle-hearted men who ever lived. His whole object was to find the truth, and tell what really is, certain that truth must be good and that an obstinate adherence to what is wrong must be bad. And this quiet student, unshaking and unrelenting in his search, finally turned the main current of all modern thought. There cannot now be a man with a mind deserving of respect who does not agree that evolution is the method by which the earth has come to be what it is, and is becoming something different. It is the Divine plan.

He must have been an essentially great man who could consummate this great change in human thought. Of



course, Darwin did not originate the idea of evolutionary change. It had been in the world for centuries, and active for generations; but he took the trouble to collect and marshal the proofs, and make clear the methods in greater detail over a wider range of life.

As has always occurred whenever any change from commonly accepted notions has been suggested, Darwin's statements of his observations and their consequences were received with derision, anger, distortion, and abuse by people who did not understand them. On the other side, some of his genuine readers, excited by the out-

OF THE WORLD?

bursts of savage injustice which his conclusions had drawn upon him, answered with equal heat, and in some instances pushed his conclusions to greater lengths than the facts warranted.

To all this turmoil Darwin himself remained indifferent. He went on quietly with his observation of the facts of life in all its forms, and was content to let the truth emerge. That is what has happened, is happening, and will happen, for the revelations of truth are not complete, but are ever evolving, and in those fuller revelations lie the hopes of innumerable generations of men yet to be. The fight round Darwin's name was for Revelation as a closed book against Revelation as an ever-open and expanding book. It is a great thing to be standing in the breach in such a fight.

Dante

DANTE, the greatest writer between Virgil and Shakespeare, was born in 1265, the son of a Florence lawyer. His fame throughout his life was that of a poet, though until he was 36 he took an active part in the tumultuous politics of his native city. In politics he was a moderate. For a short time he was one of the administrators of Florence. Several times he was sent on embassies to other Governments, and he was away on such an errand to Rome in 1301 when his party lost all power in Florence, and he and others were sentenced to death. The sentence (including burning) was renewed more than once in later years as a threat if he returned. Once his return was invited on the condition that he should perform public acts of penitence, conditions he declined as he was conscious he had done no wrong. He remained an exile from Florence for the rest of his life, which ended at Ravenna at the age of 56; and in Ravenna he is buried. All the cities of Italy that welcomed him during his wanderings now cherish a proud remembrance of his stay within their walls.

Dante is the special glory of Italian literature. Though party rancour made him an exile, his greatness as a poet was amply understood in his own day. Since then his fame has been universal. He wrote much, and his works have been well preserved. Dante's writing is always powerful and melodious. It made the language of Tuscany the Italian language, and the Italian language one of the great languages of the world.

It is the Divina Commedia that has made Dante immortal. Led by the poet Virgil, he travels in imagination through the regions of Life Hereafter. And through what he sees, hears, and thinks we have a complete survey of the life, thought, and beliefs of the medieval world. The imagination of Dante is a window through which we see a thousand years of the past, with the motives, faiths, fears, and deeds

of famous men—the stupendous vision of a lofty mind interpreting a world that would otherwise be to us as dead.

Milton

OF the greatness of Milton there is little need here to speak. We take Milton next to Dante because he is in English literature the counterpart of Dante. He represents, in Paradise Lost, the Puritan idea of religion, expressed through a mind in which



all classical legend and learning were stored, and he does it with a grandeur and dignity unsurpassed. In some respects Milton belongs to the past as

much as Dante. He had knowledge far beyond Dante's. He had looked through Galileo's telescope. But he made no attempt to use his latest knowledge. If he had done so he would not have been understood. He gave absolutely free scope to his imagination in building up his scheme of space—the Celestial Abode of the Faithful, the pendant Earth, the enormous wastes of Chaos and Old Night, and the doleful regions where the unfaithful built their Pandemonium and reigned "a thousand demi-gods on golden seats." The scaffolding of his great poem is a theology accepted from the Dark Ages, which will be wondered at in the future as we wonder at Dante; but the scenes his imagination has sculptured for us will remain among the greatest marvels produced by the mind of man, in contrast with the infinite graces of his early poems.

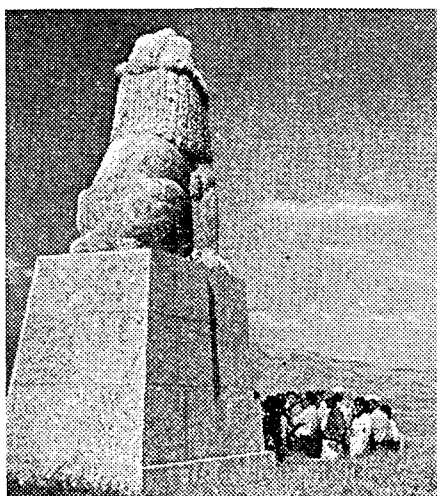
In character Milton was, too, as great as his poems. He belonged to no school; he founded no school; he may even be said to have lacked wisdom in his everyday intercourse with those around him. But he lived ever impelled by a sense of duty, and ensued it in good fortune and in bad. Wordsworth's tribute to his worth remains for all time the verdict of the race on its great representative and a reminder of its great heritage:

*Milton! thou should'st be living at this hour;
England hath need of thee; she is a fen
Of stagnant waters; altar, sword, and
pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and
bower
Have forfeited their ancient English
dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish
men;
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom,
power.
Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt
apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like
the sea;
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic,
free.
So didst thou travel on life's common
way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy
heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.*

Pictures From Palestine



A splendid new street in the Jewish quarter of Haifa



A massive stone monument overlooking Galilee



The monument to Lord Allenby, conqueror of Palestine, at Beersheba



Zina Dizengoff Square in the heart of Tel Aviv, the new town created by the Jews on the sandhills near Jaffa

WHO CARES FOR ULLSWATER?

It is Losing Its Beauty

One of the fairest scenes in Lakeland is menaced. It is Ullswater.

All who have seen our English lakes know that few of them are more beautiful than Ullswater, a mirror for the changing sky and the changeless hills. No lake has had clearer water, and none has more faithfully reflected the glories round about, especially the wonder of dawn and sunset when often the still surface of the water has been filled with exquisite colour.

Now it seems that the charm of Ullswater is threatened; and those who are best able to pass an opinion declare that in a few months this famous lake, beloved by a countless multitude, will be dull and unlovely.

The trouble may be traced to the lead mines above Glenridding, where, it is said, about 250 tons of rock are being dealt with every day. No one wishes to interfere with an industry which means much to the people of the neighbourhood; but everyone who loves what is truly beautiful must be concerned when they find ugliness taking the place of loveliness. It seems that the silica dust from the workings is finding its way into the Glenridding Beck, and every day this sludge is carried into the lake. Already hundreds of tons of slime have polluted the waters, so that a white line encrusts the rocks and stones at high-water mark, and every tree with branches dipping down into the lake has a coating of the slime. All the head of the lake is discoloured; and the saddest part is that as the water becomes less limpid it ceases to reflect light and shadow, remaining inert.

Polluted Water

A national asset, Lake Ullswater belongs to all who love what is beautiful. To allow this treasured spot to be spoilt would be a tragedy.

There seems no reason why settling tanks should not be built so that all this silica sludge may be kept out of the lake; but they must be installed quickly, otherwise Ullswater will become a dead sea and its ugly grey water will pollute the River Eamont and the fair River Eden.

Here again is yet another reason why Lakeland should become a National Park, with a commission capable of ensuring that the beauties of wood and water shall not be taken from us.

Democracy is slow in working, it is said, and we deeply regret to be compelled to agree, for such questions as these are constantly raised in this country, and raised in vain. It is sad how little the Government does to save our countryside, the most precious thing we have.

Empire Air Day

We have heard from abroad much boasting of the might of certain countries in the air.

On Saturday, May 20, Empire Air Day, the public in these islands will have the opportunity of seeing something of our own air power, for the R A F is to hold an at-home day, and numerous aerodromes throughout the land will be open to inspection. There will be flying displays, and many of the latest types of aircraft produced for our defence will be seen. In all 78 aerodromes, including a few civil flying-grounds, will be open between two o'clock and seven, and profits from the admission fees, one shilling for adults and threepence for children, will go to charities connected with flying.

The very attractive magazine-programme which has been produced for the occasion contains numerous articles on flying topics, including the new Empire air route round the world.

The Call on British Youth CHANGE COMING OVER YOUNG MEN'S LIVES

If we are to understand the Government's measure of conscription we must recall that it was announced in Parliament on March 8 that the Government had decided to prepare a Field Force to fight abroad if the occasion should arise for British intervention in a European war.

The size of the Field Force was then put at 13 infantry divisions, 3 motorised divisions, 3 armoured divisions, 2 cavalry brigades, and various units. This was to be composed partly of soldiers of the Regular Army and partly of Territorials; the Territorials were to furnish 13 of the divisions.

Not Enough

Three weeks later, in view of what appeared the growing seriousness of the situation, it was decided to prepare 26 instead of 13 Territorial divisions for service abroad, raising the Territorial strength to over 400,000 men, to provide for the Field Force and also for Home Defence.

After another month, on April 27, the Government went farther. It felt that the British contribution to the joint military effort was not great enough, despite the flow of volunteers to the Territorials, and it therefore decided to apply compulsory service to one particular class of youths, those who were 20 but not yet 21.

The number of such youths in England, Wales, and Scotland is about 380,000. If we assume that half of these would be found fit to serve, or not excused for various reasons, this would mean about 200,000 who would join up as units of the Regular Army.

The Secretary of State for War, Mr Hore-Belisha, gave the following figures in support of the measure:

	Wanted	Enrolled	Shortage
Regular Army	224,000	204,000	20,000
Territorials	325,000	167,000	158,000
Home Defence	96,000	80,000	16,000
Totals	645,000	451,000	194,000

Thus the men enrolled were nearly 200,000 short of the number required to furnish an army of the size needed.

Voluntary recruiting of units of other ages continues, so that Britain's Army will grow considerably.

We do not know how great an army will be enrolled by Christmas; some authorities speak of a million becoming available by that time, including the 200,000 conscripts of 20 years of age.

It is one thing to call up a conscript or to enlist a volunteer; it is another

Odd Man's Mite

This story reaches us from a C N friend in a New Forest village who, with all too little of the riches of this world, has been helping a refugee family.

We have a dear little odd-job man who comes in on Saturday afternoons to do the garden. He has a large family, low wages, and a very groggy heart, but is a fine character. As the stable in the field has become unfit for use I have had to have the old stable put right again. It had to be white-washed, a tile or two put on, the planks of the stall renailed and some replaced. So I asked our odd man to do it. While at work on it he asked if I was racing Bracken this year, and I said, "No; not now that I have these little refugees to see to." He said nothing, but when I asked him for his bill at the end of the job a week or so later he said, "Well, it's like this, miss. I know all about them poor little children you're helping, and if I had the money I would have liked to help you with them. But we've nothing to spare, so I want to give you my work."

He just would not take a farthing, though I pressed him hard.

to train and equip him. In the Great War the New Army raised by Lord Kitchener did not do any fighting for France until more than a year after the war began, and was not seriously at war until 1916. Arms, equipment, and accommodation have yet to be manufactured in great quantity, and training, in these days of army machinery, takes longer than in 1914.

What the Government is doing is precautionary. It is earnestly hoped that the Field Force will never be required. Nevertheless, the arming and training of the new recruits will be pushed on urgently. The fact that summer will soon be with us will simplify accommodation until proper quarters can be prepared.

It should be understood that conscripts are not called up to become soldiers permanently. After a suitable period of training the rule is to pass the trained men into reserve, so that they are only called upon when the nation needs them. It is by this conscription for a short term, and the formation of trained reserves, that military nations are able, at need, to call upon millions of trained men to fight for their country.

Four Classes of Duty

The general plan of Britain's army is to organise it to perform the following duties:

First, there is the Home Defence Force. This means manning the anti-aircraft guns, the searchlights, and the coastal batteries. This is mainly a Territorial force.

Second, there is the Field Force. This is held ready to go abroad to fight in foreign fields. It is composed of both Regulars and Territorials.

Third, there are the Garrisons for widely scattered Dependencies and Naval bases; these are manned entirely by Regulars.

Fourth, there is the new Near Eastern Reserve, organised for ready service in a number of fields, so that any danger-spot can be reinforced without sending troops from home. This is composed entirely of men of the Regular Army.

We have only to consider these four classes of military duty to understand the anxieties of the Government in securing enough men to perform so many different tasks with efficiency. We must not be surprised, therefore, if the conscription of youths of 20 is extended to other ages if voluntary recruiting does not greatly increase.

The Sparrow Hotel

Every visitor that goes to Kyoto in Japan is taken to see the world's only sparrow hotel.

One morning 200 years ago a weary little sparrow took refuge in the house of the Kagimoto family. It was welcomed with kindness, warmed, and given rice, and soon it was well enough to fly away.

Two weeks later the Kagimotos had another visit from their little friend, but this time he was not alone. He had brought his family with him, and they all sat in a tree and twittered as though giving thanks for the kindness received.

Touched by the birds' tribute, the Kagimotos decided to build a comfortable house for them, and under the eaves of their house a gourd was hung lined with straw and with a hole in the side for an entrance. The sparrows were delighted with their new abode and told their friends about it, and soon there were two gourds, and then three.

Today all the ceilings of the house are covered with these gourds, many of them given by distinguished Japanese families, for the fame of the Kagimotos' sparrow hotel has spread far and wide.

THE HUMMING-BIRD BY NIGHT

Nature's Marvellous Provision

The seemingly impossible has been proved a fact in bird life.

Until recent years it was believed that unless a humming-bird received enough food before sunset it would die during the night; and in that belief extraordinary methods have always been followed in order to feed these little creatures by daylight during a voyage to England.

Now, by the combined exertions of private observers and the experts at the Zoo, it has been discovered that the apparent death at night of the hungry mite was not really death, but what we might call an imitation of the hibernation of reptiles and warm-blooded animals in frigid latitudes.

Immediately the sun sets in their native habitat, if they have not fed abundantly during the day, they suddenly become inert; their temperature sinks, their eyes close, they are rigid from head to feet, and to all appearances are dead. But they survive the chill of night, and with the first peep of sunrise they revive, gasp like a man recovering from drowning, breathe at a great rate, and, setting their blood galloping, are themselves again in next to no time.

This marvellous provision of Nature for safeguarding the tiniest of warm-blooded creatures by conserving their energies through the night of chill and deprivation has been regarded by naturalists as the special privilege of humming-birds; but a C N naturalist asks whether some such faculty is not latent in other birds, telling the following strange story in support of the suggestion.

Canary in a Faint

In a private aviary of some 200 birds of all sorts a canary was attacked at the feeding bowl by a quarrelsome budge-rigar. It seemed badly hurt, so he went in and picked it up to examine it. As he did so it seemed to die in his hand. Like the humming-bird, it stiffened into rigidity, closed its eyes, and lay as dead.

The naturalist closed both hands round its body and breathed gently on it, and after some minutes it made a spasmodic movement, shivered, gasped, and gaped and revived from what was clearly a swoon.

Shocked and terrified by the attack by the budge, it had completely lost possession of its faculties when taken up by human hands, but warmth and quiet nursing restored it to life. It got on to its feet, playfully pecked at its friend's fingers, and flew away to a perch, where it burst into song.

Does there not appear to be some relationship between that fainting fit of a healthy canary and the remarkable torpidity that comes nightly to a hungry humming-bird?

Lancashire on the Wicket

The C N offers a double apology to Lancashire both for its omission from the counties likely to make a bid for the Championship, and for the unpardonable inclusion of its bowler Wilkinson in Yorkshire's attack.

Lancashire always makes the sternest fight with Yorkshire, and with Hopwood, Pollard, and Phillipson to back up Wilkinson and with a determined batting side, they should finish higher up this year than last.

Last Month's Weather

LONDON	RAINFALL
Sunshine . 174 hrs.	Falmouth . 2'83 ins.
Rainfall . 2'32 ins.	Birm'ham . 2'08 ins.
Dry days . 14	Gorleston . 2'00 ins.
Days with rain . 16	Chester . 1'88 ins.
Warmest day . 11th	South'pton . 1'77 ins.
Coldest day . 30th	Aberdeen . '82 ins.
Wettest day . 30th	Tynemouth . '74 ins.

MRS ROOSEVELT'S WAY

30 Young Men From The Streets

Mrs Roosevelt found herself much perturbed about the unemployed young men and women in America as far back as 1935.

She was told that out of all the unemployed in the United States over one-quarter were under 25.

She began at the right end by collecting thirty of these youths from the streets of New York to find out what they thought about it and whether they could suggest anything towards meeting their needs.

Naturally, they asked for work and the chance of marrying; for this they demanded opportunities for better education to fit themselves for good jobs when available.

It was very convenient for Mrs Roosevelt that she had a president for a husband. He was sympathetic and set up the National Youth Administration, which does represent the wishes and aspirations of Young America.

Money For Work

The National Youth Administration invited the cooperation of the American Youth Congress, which represents about 1000 youth organisations in America. The N Y A, being a Government affair, has money to spend, and in 1937 spent 72 dollars per student for 300,000 youths who could not otherwise have got what they needed.

Money also is given for work, but nothing as a dole. It must be earned by constructive work for the community. It has to be for some object which would not otherwise have been undertaken, and such work must be paid for at normal rates. Thousands of young people are providing playing-fields and bus shelters. Boys are building country schools or mending school furniture. Girls are cooking dinners for rickety children. The scheme cannot create jobs, but it does create the character and ability to hold on to a job in life when it comes along.

An inspector in Virginia says of it: "There's something I can't just define about it, but when you see boys and girls who never had a chance before learning to do something, actually making something that other people will use, changing their own habits of living, developing towards one another a sense of responsibility, you decide, maybe, there's something more to a job than mere wages."

The scheme has already helped over a million and a half young people.

Shawnandithit

Shawnandithit, which was Lord Northcliffe's private railway carriage while he was in Canada, is now a travelling school in Newfoundland.

This school on wheels is a wonderful boon to both old and young, bringing with it the blessing of education to those who live in isolated parts of the country. There are two compartments: one a bright and airy schoolroom with comfortable leather seats, a blackboard, and maps; the other a pleasant reading-room where classes for grown-ups are held in the evenings. After spending several weeks in one spot the school moves on somewhere else. The teacher, who has his living quarters in the carriage, leaves his pupils with enough set work to carry on with until his return.

Shawnandithit was the name of a young Red Indian girl belonging to a lost Newfoundland tribe. Though her knowledge of English was slight she drew beautifully, and through this medium was able to tell her many white friends much about the customs of her tribe. She was the last of her race to pass away.

Canada's War Memorial



At Ottawa the King is to unveil this afternoon (Thursday) Canada's National War Memorial. The bronze group below and the huge figures of Victory and Liberty which crown the memorial were designed by Vernon March, a young sculptor who worked with his brothers at Farnborough in Kent. After devoting four years to the figures Vernon March died in 1930, but the great work was carried on by his five brothers

The Only Thing Wrong With the Guides

GUIDE WEEK is over and gone, and we all hope the Guide Headquarters are satisfied, and are busy counting the new Guiders joining-up.

There is only one thing wrong with the Girl Guides. The army is not big enough. That may sound like a contradiction in terms, seeing that there are 1,400,000 Girl Guides in the world distributed over 31 countries, linked together by a World Association. Could anything be more hopeful for the world of which these girls may some day be the mothers?

That is all true, yet there is one flaw in the argument. There are not enough Guides. In Great Britain there are more than half a million, but there is room for twice as many. The reason that the ranks are not filled is that there are not enough leaders, the non-com-

missioned and commissioned officers of the rank and file. These are what the Girl Guides want, and it is not easy to get them to come forward.

The art of the Guider is not an easy one. Scout Leaders of the Boy Scouts have a simpler task, because boys take to discipline more readily than girls. There is something in all boys of the soldier; but girls, as the old rhyme says, are not made of the same stuff, and those who aspire to guide them need tact and patience, humour and understanding, such as all young women have not. Yet the task which is of national importance is also a National Service; and should appeal to all young women who want to do a good turn to their country, to the vast number of Girl Guides who have not yet joined up, and, not least, to themselves.

The Post Office Where Stamps Are Free

SUFFOLK has a post office where stamps, postcards, and envelopes are given free to customers.

It is at Claydon, near Ipswich, where, at Barham House, 160 German and Austrian boys are now living. Needless to say, these young refugees are the only people to whom the privilege is granted, each boy being allowed one stamped envelope and postcard every week.

The post office at Barham House is a scene of great excitement every morning when the mail arrives, for many letters and parcels are received from parents and relatives in different parts of the world, several being from Germany and Austria. Although it is difficult for Jews to send things from Germany, parcels frequently contain sausages, sweets, and pastries. Sometimes pocket-money is sent, and a kind of savings bank is run

for the boys. But there are boys who receive none of these things, and it is doubtful whether some of the letters sent from Claydon reach their destinations.

The postmaster at Barham House deals with nearly a thousand incoming letters each week, and about 500 are sent out. Barham House is run by the Movement for the Care of Children from Germany, which is financed by the Lord Baldwin Fund for Refugees.

The Friends

Arnold Woodcock, Peter Malan, Heber MacKeller, and James Smith were all born in the same year, in the same street. As children they played together, went to school together, and found work together. Now they have all joined the Territorials together.

THE TINKER AND THE SOLDIER

Cromwell and Bunyan in the King's England Books

The counties of Cromwell and Bunyan are covered in one of the new volumes of the King's England Series. It is remarkable that two small neighbouring counties like Bedfordshire and Huntingdonshire should produce two worldwide immortals in the same generation, and the book follows both Cromwell and Bunyan throughout their countryside. We give some of the reviews of Arthur Mee's new volume, published at 7s 6d by Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS is another of Mr Mee's well-known King's England books on town and country. It is just as well written and just as packed with interesting information as are the other books in the series, which, as a whole, aim at presenting the first census of the ancient and beautiful and curious and historic possessions of England since the motor-car came to make it possible.

In describing Huntingdonshire Mr Mee says that it is a charming little county of wide horizons that has been transformed by human energy into a green land of fertility and fruitful market gardens. Along the county's highways and byways, and in all its historic places, Mr Mee is a very able guide. Nottingham Guardian

ARTHUR MEE has a fine appreciation of his subject and has more than penetrated the crust of local history. When he deals with Huntingdon's Cromwellian associations, for instance, he gives more than a mere recital of historical fact. He pictures the boyhood scenes of the man who raised England to the height of power beyond the dream of kings.

The publisher's claim "that there have been many books on Huntingdon, but never one like this" is no exaggeration. Its wealth of detail is written in an intensely interesting fashion—a fashion which makes its pages as attractive as a piece of fiction. It presents a panorama of life in Hunts through the centuries, and an engrossing survey of the county.

One dip into its pages and the reader is loth to put the book down. Every page has some new surprise, some fresh titbit of local history to enthrall and delight.

But the colouring has not been allowed to jeopardise the accuracy of the information, and for that reason it is a book which should have a place in every reference library in the county, in every school, and should be the text-book of all who wish to explore the antiquarian delights with which the county is so rich.

It is the first time a survey of the county has been produced in one volume so completely and so concisely, without loss of detail. It is a tremendous endeavour and an invaluable reference book. Peterborough Standard

It is a commonplace to remark that the villages of England are storehouses of legend and lore rich in their associations with England's past. Most of us know something of this heritage, at any rate so far as it is found in the immediate neighbourhood with which we are familiar; but even in a small county like Bedfordshire the treasure-house is too vast for most of us to explore personally. In that admirable series of books called the King's England the work has been done for us in a way that has never been attempted before, and the volume on the counties of Bedford and Huntingdon presents us with the cream of this local lore reduced to a manageable size and arranged in a highly attractive form. No more congenial companion need we ask than this volume.

The King's England series, which when complete will cover the whole of the country, is edited by Mr Arthur Mee, and the whole production bears the stamp of his own distinctive personality. Bedfordshire Times

Friends of the CN

The CN in its present form is 20 years old this year. Will you do it a good turn?

If it is to hold its own in an age of ever-pressing excitements (football pools, films, wireless) a paper unsustained by rich advertisement revenue must have a constant accession of new readers.

If every CN reader would win for it one more, or would give an extra copy away each week, it would be a birthday gift indeed,

a new lease of success and influence for 20 years more.

Is your faith in the CN worth 2d more? Will you fill in this form for some child, some institution, some old folk who would like a cheerful paper once a week?

Please deliver the Children's Newspaper each week to

and debit my account

Will you give this to your newsagent in celebration of the CN's 20th birthday?

It would be something done for Peace and Goodwill, and would strengthen the CN on its way to its 21st birthday in an age with hardly time to listen to

the Still Small Voice

WHEN communicating with advertisers, it is to your advantage to mention that you saw the announcement in the columns of THE CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER.

THE LITTLE FOLKS HOME

BEXHILL-ON-SEA

(Seaside Branch of the Queen's Hospital for Children, London, E.2)

Is Maintained by Voluntary

Contributions

Since the Home was opened in 1911, over 6,000 children from London's poorest areas have received the benefits of skilled medical and nursing treatment.

"Eight Pounds a Day
Just Pays Our Way"

—BUT THAT EIGHT POUNDS
IS HARD TO FIND!

★

PLEASE SEND A GIFT NOW TO
The Secretary, The Little Folks Home
Fund, The Queen's Hospital for Children,
Hackney Road, E.2.

FOYLES

Booksellers to the World

New and second-hand books on all subjects.
Enrolments taken for the Children's Book Club.
113-125, Charing Cross Rd., London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Gerrard 5660 (16 lines).

Holidays—2/- a day

16,000 poor children will be given a day in the country, or by the sea, this coming summer—if funds permit. Please help to make this possible.
R.S.V.P. to THE REV. PERCY INESON, Supt.,
EAST END MISSION,
Central Hall, Bromley St., Commercial Rd., Stepney, E.1

USE BEFORE SMILING. MAGNESIA WHITENS TEETH.

Isn't it a fact that the instant you smile eyes light upon your teeth. If you are afraid to show your teeth, here is good news. Thanks to the discovery of what 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid does to the acid stain and film on tooth enamel, people with the dingiest teeth are making them gleaming white. There is one tooth-paste called Phillips' Dental Magnesia which contains 75% 'Milk of Magnesia.' It is such a marvellous whitener of tooth enamel because it instantly neutralizes harmful mouth acids which encourage ugly stains, dirty colour and tartar. Get a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia today and try it. Results will show why over twelve thousand dentists are urging their patients to use it every day. Sold everywhere, 6d., 10½d., 1/6 a tube. 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

YOUR SILVER PAPER

The Easiest Way of Helping the Hospital

Silver paper which might have been thrown away is said to have brought about £250,000 to Britain's hospitals, according to Mr John E. Moore, a young metallurgist.

He buys great quantities of silver paper from hospitals and turns it into a new alloy used in aircraft and naval construction.

Although hundreds of Scouts, Guides, and other people diligently collect this precious waste, only about ten per cent of the silver wrappings of chocolates, cigarettes, and so on are saved from the dustbin.

Mr J. Maunder, a Surrey cripple, and Mr George Day, a Londoner, have collected so much silver paper in ten years that they have been made life governors of Middlesex Hospital.

Those of us who have seen the many ingots of lead, tin, and aluminium made from the carefully sorted scraps of silver paper wonder why great numbers of people refrain from collecting it and helping the hospitals in so simple a way. All kinds of toys (such as lead farmyard animals) are made from the lead, and the aluminium is often used to make paint for decorating the tops of buses and painting interiors.

Competition Result

In CN Competition Number 78 the two neatest and correct entries were sent in by Raymond B. Gardner, 79 Ashfield Avenue, Lancaster; and Mary Power, 252 Kingston Road, Teddington. A prize of ten shillings has been sent to each of these readers.

The 25 prizes of half-a-crown were awarded to the following:

Gillian Amos, Harrow; Peggy Berryman, Woodbridge; Jean Birley, Great Missenden; J. M. Budd, Abertillery; Heather M. Bush, Bromley; Philip Arthur Clarke, Halifax; Pat Cutler, Tangmere; Evelyn Dimmer, Glasgow; Elizabeth Evans, Kendal; Jill Hewitt, Halstead; Marguerite Jefferies, Bristol; Phyllis M. Lane, Bolsover; Mary Morrison, Putney; Joan Orme, Newcastle; Grace Owen, Devizes; Margery Alice Pate, Belfast; Betty D. Powell, Wrexham; Alan Rabbick, Rochdale; Joan Mary Roberts, Exeter; Thelma Rowe, Exmouth; D. Royston, Surbiton; Joyce Start, Long Eaton; John W. Webster, Totland Bay; Ruth Whitaker, Carlisle; Heather Willett, Ipswich.

The correct answers were:

Apple. Broad bean. Carrot. Cherry. Hazel nut (Cob nut or Filbert). Leek. Marrow. Onion. Pea. Pear. Tomato. Turnip.

The prizewinner whose name is marked with an asterisk obtained a new reader and is awarded 2s 6d in addition to the prize.

Keeping the Orchard Warm

In certain fruit-growing districts of this country it has been noticed that many of the orchards are full of oil heaters which are lit at night-time if there is any sign of frost. The fruit-grower is using them now at the rate of about 60 to the acre.

The heaters burn crude oil and prevent the blossoms from being ruined.

25 YEARS AGO

From the CN of May 1914

How to Walk Straight in a Wood. Most of us lose our way in a pathless wood. We wish to walk in a straight line, but the tendency, as soon as we lose sight of the open sky, is to walk in a circle, as we do when we close our eyes. Here is a plan by which we can find our way.

Select three trees which are in a straight line, and walk towards them. Arrived at the first, we still have two before us. Then we select another tree immediately in line with the other two. We walk towards the first of these, and still have two more in front, and again we select a tree in line with the two remaining. By this means we always have three trees in a straight line before us, and so we can continue straight.

A BLOW AT AUSTRALIA'S HEART

Bomb Craters in the Desert

Sir Douglas Mawson, the Antarctic explorer, who once nearly lost his life when with Sir Edgeworth David he was locating the South Magnetic Pole, will be on his way shortly to the Dead Heart of Australia.

In this waterless area of Central Australia 13 strange depressions in the bush south of the Macdonnell Ranges have set a problem to geologists since they were first reported five years ago. A prospector in the neighbourhood of the Finke River, where there have always been rumours of deposits of gold, sent a meteoric stone weighing about four pounds to Adelaide University. The university sent a geologist to investigate the prospector's assertion that the meteorite had been found near craters in the ground: and no fewer than 13 of these craters were mapped.

They are distributed over half a square mile and the largest is 220 yards across. Scattered over the surrounding country more than 800 fragments were counted, some only weighing a few ounces, but a few many pounds. They were nearly all metallic iron and nickel.

Vast Meteoric Stones

The inference drawn from the craters and the fragments is that the region was once bombed from the sky by a vast meteoric stone, which buried itself in the earth, melting the rocks where it fell and scattering huge fragments all about it. It is too much of a coincidence to expect that its fall was followed by others in the same spot, but this is one of the mysteries Sir Douglas Mawson will try to explore.

Tremendous meteoric stones have fallen at times in both hemispheres. One was found by Peary in the Arctic. Another fell in Siberian Russia only a few years ago, setting fire to the surrounding forest, but no really scientific survey of its size and the crater it made has yet been possible.

The most famous of such craters is the Canyon Diablo Crater in Arizona, three-quarters of a mile across and 500 feet deep. Its appearance suggested that it was caused by the fall of a great meteoric stone, which scattered fragments of meteoric iron all about it, as appears to have happened in the crater or craters of Central Australia. A block weighing half a ton is in the Chicago Museum. It has been supposed that the original meteorite was 500 feet across and fell at five miles a second.

Similar circumstances and surroundings are to be investigated by Sir Douglas Mawson, who will try to determine by magnetic measurements how deep into the earth the projectile from the skies penetrated.

Larger Harbour For Lyttelton

One of New Zealand's most interesting seaports is Lyttelton, the port of Christchurch, a typically English city.

Plans have been prepared for enlarging the harbour at a cost of £800,000, so that more and larger liners can be berthed at the wharves to load the great quantities of frozen meat and wool produced on the fertile plains and foothills of the Canterbury province. New breakwaters are to be built and a new channel dredged.

In December 1850 the First Four Ships brought the Canterbury Pilgrims from England to Lyttelton to found the settlement of Canterbury. They built the city of Christchurch a few miles inland on a little river they named the Avon. The streets of Christchurch were named after the cathedral cities of England.

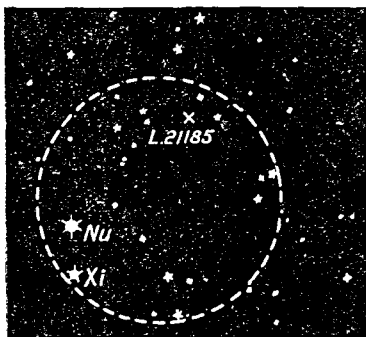
MARIE REALLY ARE SARDINES!
ELISABETH Try some today and store a tin for emergencies.

WHY STARS SLOW DOWN A Sun Very Near to Us

By the CN Astronomer

The stars composing the Feet of the Great Bear are of particular interest because they include one of the suns nearest to our Solar System and also remarkable in other ways.

These stars may be easily found on the star-map in the CN for April 29. In this week's star-map they are shown on a larger scale so as to include the fainter stars, among which is the very near one, its position being indicated by the X and its catalogue number, Lalande 21185. Powerful field-glasses, or a telescope of at least two inches aperture, will make this star just perceptible, and it should be easily found



The position of the faint star Lalande 21185 in the field-of-view of the glasses, showing stars down to 7½ magnitude and the bright stars Nu and Xi in Ursa Major

in the field-of-view which is indicated by the broken circle.

With greater telescopic powers it is revealed as a red star; and herein lies its particular interest, for it is a sun that has died down to a very advanced stage of stellar evolution and is placed in Class M2, the stage in which a sun has so far radiated away its energy that its surface fires do not rise above 3000 degrees Centigrade.

This dying sun is therefore not very bright though it is almost the nearest one above us, being only 8·3 light-years distant compared with the 8·8 of Sirius, the brightest star. It is not possible to measure its size, but as it radiates about 200 times less light than our Sun it can be calculated to be very much smaller when taking into account the star's surface temperature and its type of spectrum, which also tells us precisely the condition of its surface.

So we have here the spectacle of a dying sun with the added interest of making us wonder if it has a retinue of worlds revolving round it. There is no reason why it should not, but, if so, most of them are probably barren, comparatively cold, and lit only by the dull red fires of the central sun.

An Exception to the Rule

Now, as was pointed out a fortnight ago, the speed with which suns and worlds revolve within their systems appears generally to diminish with age. It has also been found to be the case with suns travelling through space, that is, after a certain period of their existence. Averages taken from a large number of stars of different classes, or types of different age, have shown that most suns of the Classes F and G travel fastest (our Sun is of the G Class), and that classes of suns more advanced in age diminish in speed, until those of Class N, which are nearing extinction as radiant suns, travel very slowly.

This dying sun of Lalande's catalogue is a remarkable exception, for it is travelling at a great rate, about 65 miles a second compared with our Sun's 12½ miles a second.

This star's great acceleration may be due to some exceptional gravitational pull met with in its path, or some original momentum resulting from the region of the Universe in which it originated, for all regions do not revolve at the same rate.

G. F. M.

THE NEW GIANTS Bulldozer, Angledozer, and Turnover-Rooter

Most of us have read adventure stories about intrepid explorers who come face to face with impenetrable jungle. We have been thrilled by the way in which heroes have laboriously blazed a trail through a network of branches and creepers, slashing from left to right in order to gain a mile or two after weeks of hard work.

All that, it seems, belongs to yesterday, for now, at any rate in the Australian Bush, the Bulldozer, Angledozer, and the Turnover-Rooter have come to man's aid.

They have strange names, these amazing machines, and strange objects they are. They are all wheels and levers, but they have tremendous strength. What they do is to smash a way through the Bush, clearing it mechanically.

First into the field is Angledozer, a kind of tractor against which nothing can stand. Small trees and all bushes and other growths are as match-stalks before this ruthless invader which destroys everything in its path. After Angledozer comes Bulldozer, a powerful tractor with a passion for tidiness. He gathers up all the broken branches and strong boles and scattered brushwood, stacking it in neat heaps. Lastly comes Turnover-Rooter, nosing into the ground as much as 42 inches, tearing up roots and wrenching out stumps. Once these three conquering heroes have covered the ground the land is ready for the plough, the Bush has vanished, and the work of scores of men for a week has been done in an hour.

It is strange to think that before long our food may be coming from lands prepared for it by these three giants.

SCHOOL BROADCASTS

Here are details of the broadcasts to schools for the week beginning on Monday, May 22.

England and Wales—National

MONDAY, 2.5 Science and Gardening—Insect Pests: by B. A. Keen. 2.30 Preparatory Concert Lessons—Some Dances of Other Lands: by J. W. Horton.

TUESDAY, 11.0 Physical Training (for use in halls). 11.25 History in the Making. 11.45 Physical Training (for use in classrooms). 2.5 Our Parish—Industries of the Seashore. 2.30 Our English Speech (8)—The Influence of Foreign Countries on our English Language: by Harold Orton. 3.0 Concert Lesson—Solo and Part Songs by Vaughan Williams: by Thomas Armstrong.

WEDNESDAY, 2.5 World History—Marie Antoinette: by Mary Richards. 2.30 Biology—Horses: by H. Munro Fox.

THURSDAY, 11.25 Senior Geography (The Riddle of the Rocks—An Iranian Oilfield): by F. McDermott and M. C. Seamark. 2.5 Nature Study—We Make an Aquarium: by C. C. Gaddum. 2.30 British History—Slaves: by Phyllis Bentley.

FRIDAY, 2.5 The Hwang-ho, China's Sorrow: by Florence Dean. 2.45 A Play about the Pooka, a strange creature from Irish Tales and Legends. 3.10 A Day in the Law Courts: A programme illustrated by recordings or dramatic interludes. (We shall meet some of the personalities of the Courts and hear part of an imaginary case.) 3.35 Talk for Sixth Forms—Anthropology (2).

Scottish Regional

MONDAY, 2.30 Speech Training for Seniors: by Anne H. McAllister.

TUESDAY, 11.0 and 11.45 As National. 2.5 Round the Village—The Dairymaid: by John R. Allan. 2.30 Senior English—Some Modern Scottish Poets (1): by J. M. Caie. 3.0 As National.

WEDNESDAY, 11.5 Speech Training for Juniors—Round your Lips: by Anne H. McAllister. 2.30 Biology—The World of Touch, Taste, and Smell: by R. C. Garry.

THURSDAY, 2.5 Music—A Skipping Rhythm: by Herbert Wiseman. 2.40 Nature Study—House Flies: by James Ritchie. 3.5 Scottish History—The Story of Glasgow: by J. R. Glover.

FRIDAY, 2.5 British Empire Geography: India (1)—The Year's Work in the Deccan: by D. Clouston. 2.45 As National.

STARVED AND WORN OUT

—yet he walked 1,000 miles through African jungle



Intrepid explorer **TOM GLOVER** lets you into a secret

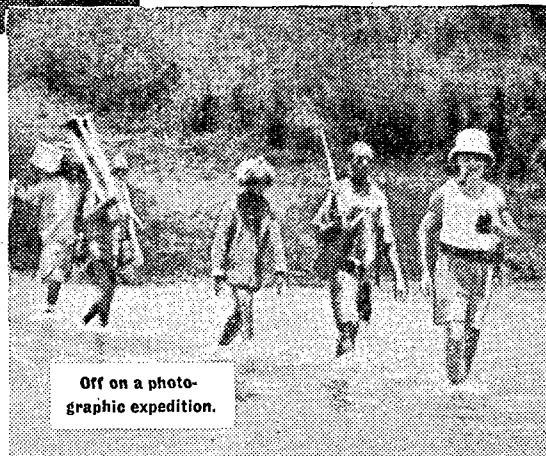


A prowling lioness takes a good look at Glover's camp.

And here's what Boy Scout **JIMMY EDWARDS** thinks about Cadburys



'It's great fun being a scout. We go camping, play games; learn all sorts of useful things like ju-jitsu and wrestling. Wherever I set out on an expedition mother always sees that I have a block of Cadburys Milk Chocolate with me. She says it's nourishing and very good for me but I like it because it tastes so good!'



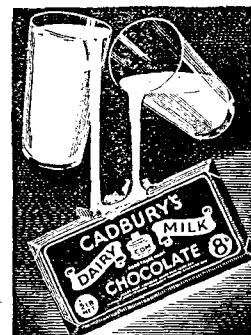
Tom 'FIRST TO TIBESTI' Glover finds—

THAT'S WHEN CADBURYS MILK CHOCOLATE FEEDS YOU ON YOUR FEET—KEEPS YOU UP TO YOUR JOB—

YOU may not trek through African jungle, but you've got your own job of work to do, and maybe it's just as hard in its own way. So whenever you get that 'sinking' feeling, remember that Cadburys Milk Chocolate is more than something that's nice to eat—

it's the finest energy snack known.

Just slip a 2d. block into your pocket. It's there whenever you want it, ready to 'feed you on your feet,' ready to send energy and good spirits soaring once again.



CADBURYS MILK CHOCOLATE
... feeds you on your feet

FORTUNE LANE

Short Serial by
Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 5

Money For Jam

THE plump gentleman introduced himself as Mr Corvus. Peter acknowledged the compliment by giving his own name.

He was coming away from the house of one of his customers. His eager features were glowing with health and vitality, his cap was off, the wind was blowing his hair about.

With his gaze upon that unruly mop of hair, Mr Corvus remarked, "I haven't come across you before, have I? How long have you been here?"

"A month, sir," said Peter.

"Indeed. And may I ask where you live?"

"I am lodging with Mr James Cringan in Fortune Lane."

"I know Cringan. My cook's sister does for him. So your family's not here?" Mr Corvus continued, still scanning him.

Peter shook his head. "No. I've set up in business for myself, sir."

"With Cringan?" laughed plump Mr Corvus.

"In bicycles from all makers? No," grinned Peter. "I'm a window-cleaner."

"And you'd like to clean mine?"

"I should, sir," said Peter, most eagerly.

Mr Corvus rested his gaze on that eager expression. "Well, you can't, my lad," he chuckled. "My chauffeur cleans mine. But there is something else you can do for me, if you like?"

"Yes?" Peter said cautiously.

"You've never heard of me? No? I'm the man with a hobby. I'm an amateur photographer, that's what I am." Mr Corvus rubbed his plump hands together and beamed. "Now, how would you like me to take your photograph?"

"Oh, I don't want one, thank you," said Peter.

"But I'll pay you, my friend. A fiver for your time and trouble! Eh? Money for jam."

"By George, sir!" said Peter.

So, wheeling Bucephalus and swinging his bucket, he accompanied Mr Corvus to a big house, with greenhouses and every token of wealth, and there, in a spacious room fitted up as a studio, he was posed and reposed, his face shining with the thought of his five pounds to come, his tawny mane bright in the shaft of light from above.

He had wanted to brush his hair before he sat down, but Mr Corvus said he preferred it as it was.

So, chuckling and fussing, and trying him this way and that before every exposure, the plump little gentleman took his head and shoulders five times. Then, prancing nimbly across the room on his toes, Mr Corvus went to a drawer and came prancing back again with a slip of paper and fountain pen in one hand and a crisp five-pound note in the other.

Peter took the bank-note and signed his name on the receipt.

Five pounds at one swoop! Bucephalus wouldn't believe it. This was better by a long sight than cleaning windows.

Though he hadn't done so badly since he began, he admitted, now he had set the ball of his thoughts rolling. Take the Parish Hall, for example, as new as the rest, and that Saturday afternoon a fortnight ago! How could he have expected that it would be finished just as 12 o'clock struck, when the workmen laid down their tools, leaving everything spick and span except the windows? And in such a state, too, those windows, all dirty and smeared. And he and Bucephalus chancing along at that instant! Then their rush to the Vicarage! And the Vicar's delight. Five solid hours' work; but how different that hall looked when the people came past on Sunday morning to church! What a stroke of luck that he'd been on the spot, he reflected.

It had helped, too, because the Vicar had recommended him. Still, with his keep to pay to Cringan and the bike to clear off, and his wash-leathers to be refurbished now and again, he hadn't made any money yet to put by. But he was building up a connection, as Cringan called it, so could sell his round later on, perhaps, and start something else. For he wouldn't stick to cleaning windows, not he!

CHAPTER 6

Fighting It Out

FOR his own part, as he'd often confessed to his father, he simply couldn't stand that great mop of hair of his, which shone so and curled so that people would think

he curled it and oiled it. And how on earth could he help it growing so fast and being such an astonishing colour?

It was Jimmy Cringan who spotted The Sungloss Boy first, about three weeks later. He was on his way past a hoarding newly erected where a billsticker was about to start operations, and he paused, rather curious to see what the man would paste up. A dip of the brush in the paste, a dab on the bill; more dips, more dabs; then the vast streamer nicely smoothed out.

The billsticker stepped back and surveyed his work with approval. Jimmy Cringan stepped back, and almost fell flat with the shock. There confronting him from the hoarding was his lodger's face!

And in addition to those eager, excited features with their crown of wavy and exuberant hair were some letters which might almost have been read miles away:

THE SUNGLOSS BOY

Hair Trained from the Cradle on Sungloss
2s 6d, 3s 9d, and 5s a bottle.

"Phew!" exclaimed Jimmy Cringan; and when he got back, as soon as he and Peter had finished their dinner, he said, "By the way, I've always admired your hair, Peter. What do you use on it?"

"You know jolly well I use nothing," Peter said, sharply.

"Oh, don't you?" smiled Jimmy. "I thought you used Sungloss?"

"Sungloss! I've never heard of the stuff!" rejoined Peter.

"Righto! Go and look at the hoardings." "Look at what?"

"Go out straight away and look at the hoardings," said Jimmy, with that fluttering smile on his lips.

The billsticker and his mates had been busy meanwhile. They had plastered every available space with their product, enabling Peter to stare at himself wherever he turned. The Sungloss Boy! There he was! And his secret was out. He had started using Sungloss in his nursery. He had lain on his back in his cradle kicking his legs and crowing to a bottle of Sungloss.

It made Peter writhe.

Then, taking a pull on himself, he went to the house with the greenhouses, and presently gained admission to a plump little gentleman who was busy dictating letters in a fine library.

JACKO TRIES HIS LUCK

PASSING a shop that sold bicycles one morning, Jacko spotted one that made him stand and stare.

"What's up?" inquired Chimp, coming up behind him.

"See that?" asked Jacko, pointing to a high bicycle at the back of the shop, with one big wheel and one little one.

"That's an old penny-farthing. A genuine antique, and no mistake."

The secretary closed her notebook, gave Peter a queer, lingering look, and slipped from the room.

"Mr Corvus," he then inquired, "have you seen those advertisements?"

"Yes, yes, my dear lad!" smiled Mr. Corvus. "Charming, aren't they?"

"Mr Corvus," Peter said quietly, "who put them up?"

The plump little gentleman tapped himself on the chest.

"You put them up!"

"I did," Mr Corvus asserted, bubbling with pride.

Peter let out a gasp. So that was what the artful old bird had been up to, with his chatter about his hobby and all the rest.

Peter paused. Then: "Is Sungloss yours?" he asked. Mr Corvus nodded pleasantly. "It is," he replied.

"And so," continued Peter, in a smooth voice, "you'll have my picture on all the hoardings all over the country?"

"Yes," beamed Mr Corvus.

"And in all the magazines?"

"Yes," beamed Mr Corvus.

"And in all the newspapers?"

"Yes, my dear lad," beamed Mr Corvus.

"And perhaps you'll have the slogan translated?" said Peter.

"I hope so! Think! What a slogan! Trained from the cradle on Sungloss! Sheer genius, my dear lad!"

Mr Corvus was rapturous. But Peter was glum. Which perceiving at last, Mr Corvus exclaimed, "Don't you like it?"

"It's ghastly!" wailed Peter, releasing his feelings at last.

"Ghastly?" The plump little gentleman reeled in his chair. "It's a work of art. And the picture is you to the life!"

"That's the worst of it!" Peter said savagely.

"Why? Your hair's wonderful. You would never have got it like that if you hadn't used Sungloss."

"I tell you I've never used Sungloss!" Peter protested.

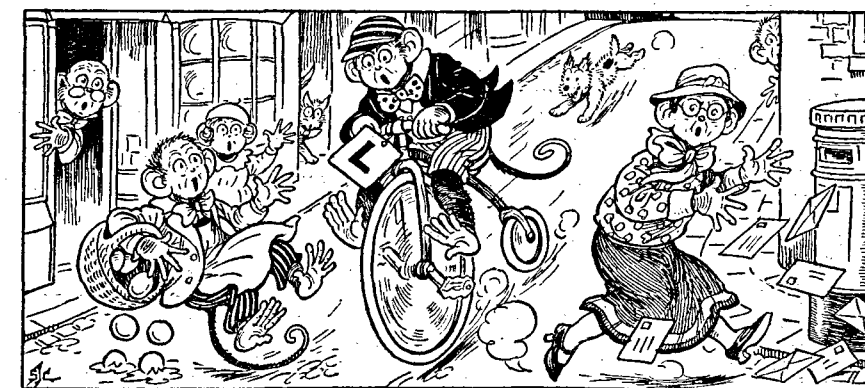
"Tut, tut!" Mr Corvus said airily.

"What does that matter!"

This made Peter boil over.

"And I can't stand my hair," he vociferated. "It makes me look like a hairdresser's dummy. I'm sick of it. I shall shave myself bald."

The plump little gentleman chuckled. "That is just as you please," he said. "Still, you will always have my advertisements to console you."



They scattered everybody and everything right and left

"What do you mean, a penny-farthing?" asked Chimp.

"Doesn't it look like it?" grinned Jacko. "One of the first bicycles there ever were," he explained.

"I'd like to see anyone riding that," declared Chimp, going up to the window to get a closer view.

"I reckon it's easy," bragged Jacko.

"Oh! Is it? I'd like to see you on it," jeered Chimp.

find the pedals. This seemed to infuriate the bicycle, which rushed on faster than ever. They went down the High Street like a fire-engine, scattering everything and everybody right and left.

At the bottom of the street was the village green, and beyond it, straight ahead, the village pond!

Suddenly there was a yell, and then a splash!

Jacko was in, up to the neck!

"You have no right to use my photograph that way!" flared Peter.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mr Corvus, chuckling again, and as lightly as a butterfly flitting from flower to flower he flitted across to a cabinet and flitted back with a piece of paper which Peter recognised instantly. "There, Quentin! There is your signature on your receipt. Received five pounds, in consideration whereof you assigned to me the copyright of the photographs. You see what that means? They belong to me. My property: to make what use of I like."

"But I've never even seen a bottle of Sungloss."

"I will send you a case."

"No, you won't. And I won't be a party to a fraud, either."

"A fraud!" Mr Corvus echoed, in high indignation.

"Of course it's a fraud. The slogan is a lie!"

"You are polite," demurred Mr Corvus.

"I am sorry, sir," Peter said. "But though the slogan isn't true, and you know that it isn't, you've just acknowledged you're going to send it all round the world."

"I see. I see." The round, plump face became thoughtful. "Perhaps you feel that you ought to be paid more? Well, that sounds reasonable."

"No," Peter said wearily, "I don't want more money. I want you to give me the photograph films back and stop the advertisements, and let me repay you the £5 when I can."

"And if I refuse?"

With this the plump little gentleman rose and came and stood close to him. "Suppose, my lad," he suggested, "we say £25, cash down? Will that salve your conscience?"

Peter shook his head mutely.

"Very well, £35. That's a nice sum. And in addition you can stick to the £5 you've received already."

In a strangled voice Peter said, "No."

The plump hand dropped on his shoulder. "£50, Quentin. I agree that it's worth that to me, so £50, Quentin. One can start a nice little business with £50 in the bank and my backing behind it." Then without another word Mr Corvus tripped off to his table and wrote out a cheque. "Here you are, my lad!" he said, briskly and brightly.

Peter trembled, and turned as white as a sheet. Fifty pounds! The very sum his father had stipulated that he must return with, in cash or in kind, within 12 months. What a triumph to write to his father today and tell him that he had made it in less than two months! He began to stammer. His mouth twitched. Then, gulping down something inaudible, he pushed the cheque away and rushed for the door.

"Stop!"

The plump little gentleman had come pattering after him.

"You win, my lad!" he ejaculated. "You win!" He caught hold of Peter and thrust him into a chair. "If I've hurt your scruples, I'm sorry! There! That's my apology." He was tearing the cheque across and across as he spoke. "And now," he resumed in a moment, while his eyes twinkled, "we'll get back to business."

"Oh!" said Peter.

"We will call that slogan a wash-out," announced Mr Corvus.

"That won't be so bad," Peter owned.

"Ah, but wait! Here's your plum. I'll pay you to find me another that won't hurt your scruples."

"Instead of the cradle, etc etc?"

"Yes. Can I speak fairer?"

"No, sir," said Peter, and asked for one of the photographs, which he proceeded to contemplate with considerable malevolence. Then he made a grimace at it, and whipped out a pencil and paper. He scribbled something and passed it to his companion.

"How will that do, Mr Corvus?" he said, grinning widely.

Mr Corvus snatched the writing, and read it aloud:

DO YOU ENVY MY HAIR?

THEN TRY SUNGLOSS

"Splendid!" he exclaimed.

"Then that settles it, sir," Peter chanted.

"It does," his plump little gentleman said. "I will have all the posters destroyed and replaced by others with your new slogan; that is to say my slogan now, for I buy it. £10 I think you said?"

"I said nothing," grinned Peter.

"Then £10 it is." And the money was paid, there and then.

TO BE CONTINUED

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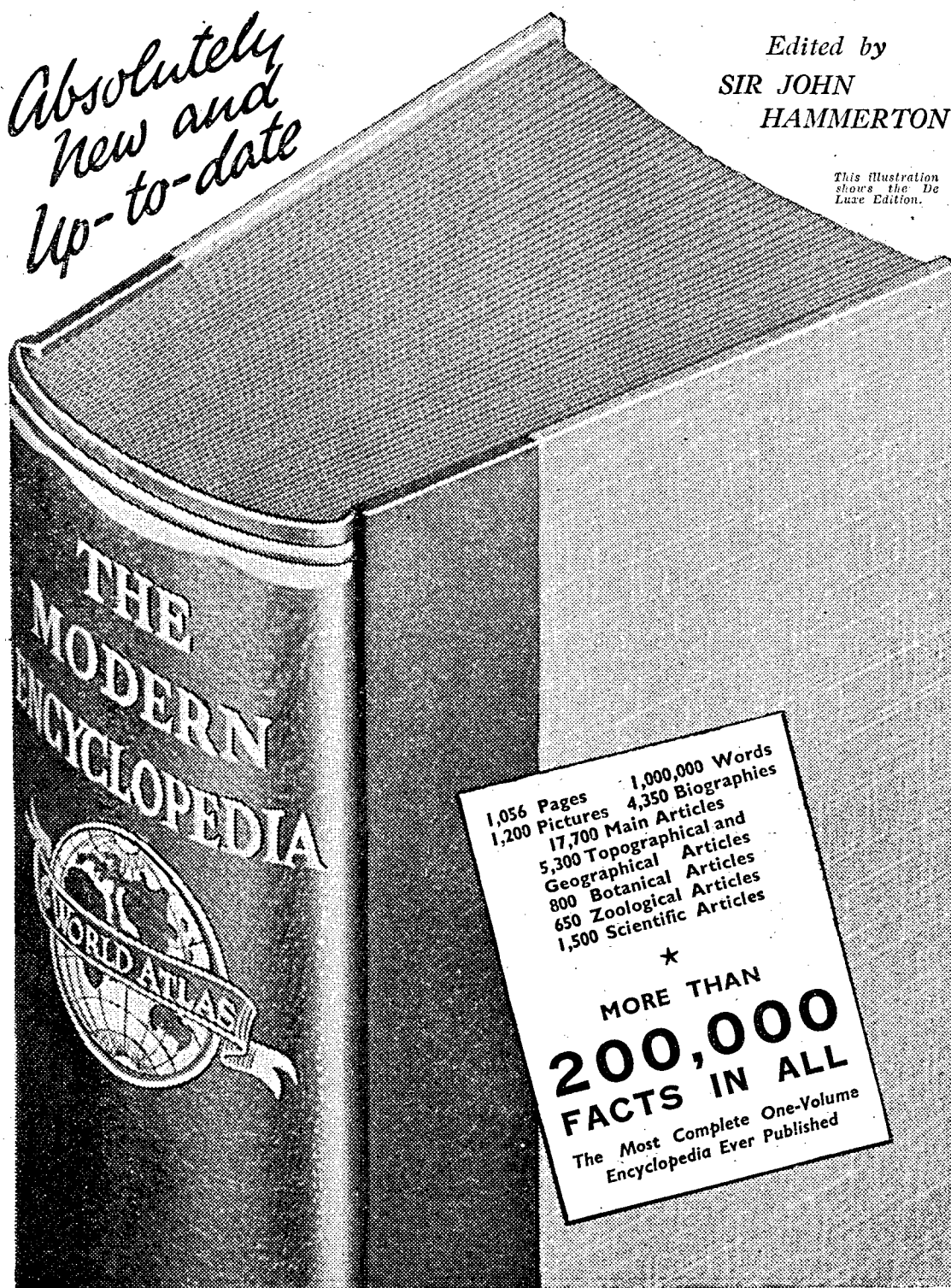
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May 20, 1939

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THE BRAN TUB

The Two Brothers

We are two brothers, more useful than handsome, and our use is very common. We have only one foot each, although we go on four. What are we?

Answer next week

A Tall Story

Which fish does every parrot like the best, Particularly when it wants to rest? You'll find it in each cage if you but search, For parrots cannot do without a perch!

This Week in Nature

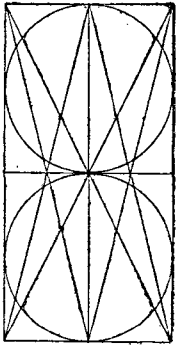
The common sandpiper is seen in its favourite haunts by the waterside. This drab-coloured bird has a distinctive flight, skimming low over the water on arched wings, and then shooting on with sharp, decisive strokes. Soon the eggs will be found in a nest on the ground, or under an overhanging ledge, in hilly districts near to clear lakes and streams.

What Happened on Your Birthday

May 21. Albert Dürer born . 1471
22. Maria Edgeworth died . 1849
23. Thomas Hood born . 1799
24. Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, died . . . 1612
25. Richard Cromwell resigned the Protectorate 1659
26. The Venerable Bede died 735
27. Duke of Argyll beheaded 1661

Try This on Your Friends

Here is a clever monogram which contains all the letters of the alphabet and the numerals 0 to 9. The letters are all capitals, and while certain letters like A and H, for instance, stand out clearly it may not be so easy to find others. With a little concentration, however, all the letters and numerals should become apparent. Why not try this on your friends and see how long they take to find them all?



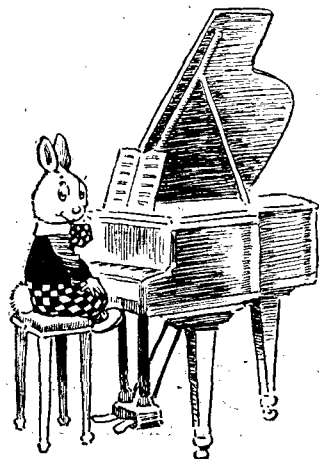
Gardening Without Soil

Fold a piece of flannel into a pad and put it in a saucer. Damp the pad, sow on it some seeds of Virginian Stock, and then cover it with a glass jar. If this little indoor garden is placed in a sunny window, and the flannel is kept very moist, the seeds will soon begin to grow. It will not be long before the

flower buds appear, and eventually they will open. All this is done with the store of nutriment in the seeds in addition to a little water.

Do not leave the plants exposed except for a few moments when you are giving them water.

The Gold Medallist



My mummy says she'd like to see Me win a lot of medals. But the trouble always seems to be, I can't quite reach the pedals.

Shakespearean Characters

BELOW are clues to the names of four Shakespearean characters.

Pig's thigh; permit.
Rain protector; girl's name.
Timid; tuft of hair.
Tumble down; employees.

Answer next week

Something Wrong Somewhere

ARITHMETIC, we are told, is the science of truth, but figures lead us to curious results sometimes.

For instance, if one man can build a shed in ten days, ten men can build it in one day. Then 240 men will build it in an hour, 14,400 in one minute, and 864,000 in one second. As a matter of fact, they could not drive one nail in that time.

Then again, if one ship can cross the Atlantic in seven days, seven ships can cross it in one day! It is difficult to believe that.

Ici on Parle Français



Le vase bowl
Les fleurs flowers
La fenêtre window

Les enfants étaient enchantés de la nouvelle chaudière. Ils ont mis à la fenêtre un vase de fleurs ravissantes.

The children were delighted with the new cottage. They put a bowl of lovely flowers in the window.

Other Worlds Next Week

In the evening Neptune is in the south. In the morning Venus, Jupiter, and Saturn are in the east and Mars is in the south. The picture shows the moon as it may be seen at nine o'clock on Sunday evening, May 21.



Beheading

A sudden blaze am I.
Remove my head and see
A whip or thong. Behead
Again, and, lo, a tree.

Answer next week

Clumsy

The circus performance had started, and a latecomer was pushing his way through to his seat.

"Did I tread on your foot?" he asked, as he saw a man wince.

The injured man looked towards the ring. "I'm afraid it must have been you," he said; "the elephants are all down there."

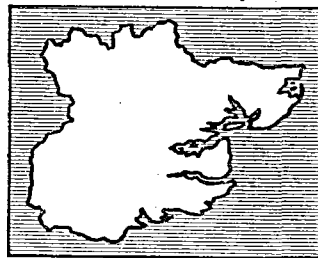
Fisherman's Luck

An angler dozed by the stream,
And a salmon he caught in his dream;
But when he awoke
With annoyance he spoke:
"What I hooked was a minnow,
'twould seem!"

A Plain Question

Mr A met his friend Mr B, and said: "Good-morning, B. Did you say, or did you not say, what I said you said; because C said you said you never did say what I said you said. Now, if you did say that you did not say what I said you said, what did you say?"

Is This Your County?



FEW of us know what a map of our county looks like. Do you know this one? Answer next week

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Peter Puck's Fun Fair

Place. Hastings

Coins Word Square

1. 1/2 2. 1/4 3. 1/8
4. 1/16 5. 1/32 6. 1/64
7. 1/128 8. 1/256 9. 1/512
10. 1/1024 11. 1/2048 12. 1/4096
13. 1/8192 14. 1/16384 15. 1/32768
16. 1/65536 17. 1/131072 18. 1/262144
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